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The Wood Blocks for the Initial Letters were cut by Hugh Arnold.





THE appearance of a new periodical has, in these days, become a matter of such common occurrence as hardly to require any introductory comments. It is interesting to notice that every new venture of the kind is started with the idea of supplying a long-felt want. Herein lies the sole peculiarity of "THE QUARTO": we cater for none, our aim is to produce a good artistic volume, and if in so doing we please, we have done well; but if in so doing, we do not please, have we not still done well?

No high-sounding or peculiar title has been chosen; "THE QUARTO" proclaims nothing, boasts nothing, and at least we are saved from failing to come up to high-flown expectations. Our chief endeavour is to bring before the world the work of young or unknown artists who have at some time or other received instruction at The Slade. This does not in the least preclude the work of others: our aims are broad and cosmopolitan, anything narrow or bigoted in Art, as in all else, being inimical to true progress, and therefore foreign to our intentions.

We have no better testimony of our worth to offer than the names of

those who have so kindly rendered us their assistance, and to whom our most grateful thanks are due.

Besides many others who are to assist us later, the following have generously contributed towards the present number:—

THE LATE LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

PROF. FREDERICK BROWN.

MR. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

MR. GEORGE CLAUSEN, A.R.A.

MR. JOHN DA COSTA.

MR. PERCY HEMINGWAY.

M. ALPHONSE LEGROS.

MR. JOSEPH PENNELL.

PROF. ARTHUR PLATT.

MR. E. F. STRANGE.

MISS NETTA SYRETT.

DR. JOHN TODHUNTER.

MR. JOSEPH S. WARD.

MR. GLEESON WHITE.

MISS A. WOODWARD.

We are also greatly indebted to Mr. Leopold Rothschild for our frontispiece, and to the Swan Electric Engraving Co. for the loan of Mr. Pennell's block.

J. B. H.

STUDY OF A HEAD

THE LATE LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A.



STUDY OF A HEAD
THE LATE LORD LEIGHTON, F.R.S.





THE ROCOCO, AND AFTER.



CYCLES in taste appear to be controlled by laws as immutable and as difficult to understand as those which govern the spots on the sun. Nor is it quite easy to formulate the order of changing fashions, possibly, because for this purpose, we have comparatively little precedent. For "taste," as is understood to-day, is considered a domestic virtue. Something less than common sense, and more than art, might be a rough and ready definition of the quality, as the great middle-class understand it.

Now the period that has seen the mass of the people deliberately concerned with the architecture of their own homes and the artistic value of their surroundings, is probably little older than the printing-press, which is not a bad date to take for the rise of modern civilisation. But even the few centuries since are too crowded with changes in taste to permit anything like a complete parallel here. If we take the end of the last, and set it beside the present time, there are curious coincidences. We find that old age of both centuries delights in bric-à-brac. Their taste is rather cosmopolitan than classical, catholic than critical. Each is occupied with social reform, while war bodes lurid on the horizon. During the last quarter-century we have been as "yearnest" in saving other people from the slough of bad taste as the Evangelicals were to save their souls. Like many preachers, we have been more anxious to raise the masses than to set our own houses in order. We have sneered at lustres, and tiger hearth-rugs, and welcomed all the time the sunflower-bedecked drain-pipe

posing as umbrella-stand, and the draped easel, bearing some intrusive photogravure.

Since the methodism of art was accepted as a new creed, how many sects have sprung up and passed away. First we saw the pseudo-Gothic devotees, with their Eglington Tournament, and uncomfortably spiky furniture. Their creed was to make our houses and their fittings concrete morality, full of abstract symbolism and high purpose. Then came salvation by International Exhibitions and Art Unions; next, a brave attempt to re-invigorate Gothic art, by adapting it to modern needs. And on its heels, the æsthetic revival, with its Queen Anne architecture and Chippendale furniture.

This quickly ousted the uncomfortable Gothic; but replaced the home by a museum, so that a living room resembled a fashionable artist's studio. Strange doctrines of awful import, but, as a rule, exceedingly harmless in practice, gradually developed in its atmosphere. Catholic in its sympathy with most things that ran counter to ordinary everyday ideas, it welcomed esoteric Buddhism, rights of women, drawing-room Socialism, and mildly erotic literature. The peacock's feather was its crest, the sunflower its oriflamme, and intense selfishness its creed. Precious, and caring for its idols only so long as it had the sole possession of them, no sooner did the masses develop a liking for its pet toys, than it, in turn, vanished, and went into the lumber-room of the past. Then came an interregnum, comfortable and not wholly inartistic. Having broken the stern laws of Fashion, and learned that individual preference and taste both in dress and one's home surroundings, were admissible, nay, admirable, up to a certain point, the lesson the esthetic apostles had taught was obeyed too literally, and everybody began to do as he pleased in a frightfully independent way. So the short-lived period when King Log ruled, was ended, the word went forth, and the Rococo was suddenly set up as King Stork.

The unlooked-for happened, the one period most hated by esthetes, most abhorred by earnest disciples of Ruskin, most degrading to the East-lake art student, has been revived, with all its lawless ornament and bizarre decoration, and a costume even worse than the period when its last visitation occurred. Here we leave fanciful theory and touch upon painful but absolute fact. A special mission lately undertaken to discover the art

standard prevalent in the chief manufactures of Great Britain, yielded one certain truth: in every branch of industry that touched art productions, the renaissance of the Rococo was evident, although deplored. But all the same, there it was, and the old discarded text-books were being ransacked for motives, to be re-arranged for the new fashion. You found carpets and other fabrics woven in patterns of florid character, pottery and glass, furniture and metal-work, were all being shaped in ornate curves, and embellished with the sprawling lawless ornament of the most vulgar decoration that ever grew to be recognised as a style.

The flamboyant and voluptuous curves of this gorgeous and ornate decoration have already conquered the simpler lines of the Queen Anne period, and the spiky stiffness of modern Gothic. The lily and the sunflower are dethroned to allow the extraordinary and unnatural impossibilities of the rococo flora to reign in their stead. The thing like an old-fashioned jam-tart, the foliage like a limp head of celery or an acanthus run to seed, the tortured capital C's writhing in agonies, the wicker-work baskets of ultra-naturalistic flowers, the sprawling rotund cupids, and all the motley motives belonging to this carnival of artistic license, are, for the moment, rampant in our homes. To them, no doubt, will soon come the mythological ceiling, where fat and nude deities defy the laws of perspective, gravitation, and decency at once. The sham architectural framework, with the fluttering ribbons, wind-tossed draperies, and general riot of colour and form, is already beginning to dazzle our astonished eyes, and will, ere long, be pronounced "good form" and entirely high toned. All our carefully-learned sobriety is to be forgotten, and in one rebellious outburst against all canons of taste or principles of design, we are to proclaim the triumph of disorder, and declare the artistic decoration of a third-rate music-hall, the gilded chariots of a travelling circus, and the saloons of a second-rate steamboat, to be alone admirable, alone worthy of the sacred, if often-shifted, label "High Art," while aniline dyes and staring textures drape the whole in true dressmaker fashion. But, after this?—

That is the interesting point! when these things have run through popularity and then again become old-fashioned, what is to be the next style? Herein history and evolution agree. The reaction against unlicensed extravagance will be again followed by a stern despotism, the

rabble of the rococo will yield only to a dictatorship with rigid and inflexible convention new to this generation. As Napoleon developed the severity of the short-lived classicality of the French Revolution, to the hardly less formal style of Imperial Rome, and swept away the last fragments of the Louis Seize and rococo, which had long before exhausted the resources of their fantastic inelegance, so classic art, pure and stately, is certain in some shape to sweep away the crew of baser decoration, and clear our houses of the motley rubbish that now nearly overwhelms them.

In literature and art the democratic average usurps the supreme power to-day. But, whether from the people or the rulers it matters not, the refinement so urgently needed must assuredly come ere long. Amateur art, with its hand-painted superfluities, its commonplace daubs, and its second-rate articles of "bigotry and virtue," has had a long innings, but that it will go who can doubt. Art is above and beyond the mere prettiness of fashion, and not necessarily more certain to be present in classic than in any other style; but restraint, refinement, and reticence are the expression of good art, and the ultimate verity that must once again prevail. For the miserable imposture that, as an adjective, has become the prefix to artshoddy of all sorts, has nothing in common with true art. The fallacy that art is pictorial or sculptural alone is weak enough, but that *any* decoration is art is a developed fallacy peculiar to these last years of the nineteenth century. "Vastly pretty," "genteel," "modish," every eccentric fashion was in turn entitled in the eighteenth century; but to attempt to make these heterodox impostures worthy, by labelling them with the sacred name of art is a piece of blatant impudence peculiarly characteristic of nineteenth-century vulgarity.

The rococo will have to run its course first, it is true; but its short and hideous "carmagnole" must end in a new autocracy, if the logical progress of artistic development is to maintain its inevitable course, and turbulent license yield place to inflexible law.

When we cease to yearn for art, and cease to welcome ignorantly every impostor that claims its name, then indeed may art arrive. The new ruler may not be "classic," may have no pedigree connecting him with former monarchs; but that his rule will be discreet, and his disciples possess the modesty of true knowledge, is probable. In that day, let us hope we shall

look only for good workmanship, fitness of the object for its purpose, simplicity and honesty of material, and lo! having welcomed these common things, we shall find that we have welcomed true art unawares. For art comes not by observation, nor by composition. Somewhere, the unconscious maker rebels against the fashion of the hour, and, forgetting the evolution of ornament and the pedantry of academic rules, harks back to the simplicity of the crafts, and is content to be an artificer, capable and unconceited, and striving but for the common ends. Later on, the world discovers that another artist of a sort is in its midst. For the real artist is not always a creator; that is the highest form, and one rare at any time; but the man who discards all machine-made patterns, who fights against vulgarity and extravagance, and will have no ornament unless it be perfect of its sort, has at least one quality inseparable from the artist, be he creator or merely a disciple. And to be content with the best ornament only—or else none at all—is not a bad working rule of taste.

GLEESON WHITE.

STUDY IN RED CHALK

ALPHONSE LEGROS



STUDY IN RED CHALK

ALPHONSE LEGROS -



A PICTURE OF TUESDAY.



SCAR PLUMTREE was a rising artist, who painted his general impression of his intimate friends, and belonged to a sketching club which met every Tuesday. He was a small square man with masses of black hair, and stood with his hands in his pockets, a little too conscious that his head was against a green curtain.

"How decorative Plumtree is," said Noel Starwood, symbolist, to Patrick Staunton, realist. "I never noticed that his colour was so arbitrary. But, like all the works of God, you have to see him twenty times before you see him for the first time."

"If you can suggest any course likely to result in seeing him for the last time," said Staunton, lighting a pipe, "I shall be more gratified. So he looks decorative, does he?"

"So flat," murmured Starwood, dreamily. "So admirably flat. He looks as if he had just come out of a panel by Albert Moor."

"Yes," said Staunton; "I wish he'd go back again."

Patrick Staunton was a large young man with a handsome passive face, that looked *blasé* but was only sleepy. He was very young, it is true, but not quite young enough to have grown weary of the world. He was, in fact, the average young man, with the average young man's two admirable qualities, a sense of humour and an aversion to egoists. This was why he disliked Plumtree. Noel Starwood, a slight, fiery-haired, fiery-tinted type, like a high-spirited girl, was a visionary, the painter of a series of "Seven Dreams of Adam before the Creation of Eve." He did not dislike Plumtree. He said it was the great test and trial of true Christian philosophy not to dislike Plumtree.

He moved off, and another member came up to Staunton.

"Do you know it is Plumtree's turn to give out a subject for the sketches?" he said. "These subject days are generally rather a lark. Do

you remember the first time Starwood was asked for one? There was a silence, and then such a gentle, plaintive little voice said, 'The Resurrection of Cain.' But then he's a mystic, don't you know, and pities the Devil."

"Well, well," said Staunton charitably. "I heard Plumtree was going to the devil the other day, and since then I rather pitied the devil myself."

"But the joke of the thing is," continued the other, "that Plumtree is for ever telling us that the artistic mind cares no more for the subject of a picture, than for its weight in avoirdupois. He was immensely proud of his last picture, because three eminent art-critics looked at it the wrong way up."

A small crowd had already gathered round Plumtree, and were pressing him for a subject.

"What do you want with a subject?" he said, contemptuously. "I don't want a subject, I want a picture. Won't anything do?"

"The primal enigma, Anything," said Starwood thoughtfully. "A fine conception. Something bizarre, hasty, fantastic. Some wild, low shape of life, to symbolise the germ-fact, the indestructible minimum, the everlasting Yea. After all, it is but a superficial philosophy which is founded on the existence of everything. The deeper philosophy is founded on the existence of anything."

"Well, we won't have that," said Plumtree, abruptly. "You fellows don't seem to understand that art——"

Staunton cut him short hastily. "I say, Plumtree, I asked for bread and you gave me a piece of india-rubber. Thanks. You were saying that the subject——"

"Oh, take anything you like: what does the subject matter? What's the day of the week? Tuesday; very well." He turned to the throng and said in a clear voice, "The subject for the sketches will be Tuesday."

"I beg your pardon," said Staunton politely.

"Tuesday," repeated Plumtree. "A picture of—Tuesday."

Patrick Staunton lifted his full six feet two from the bench, and formally announced that he was relegated to a state of spiritual reprobation.

Only four members of the club exhibited sketches on this singular

subject. The group consisted of Plumtree, Staunton, Starwood, and one Middleton, who had before him a lucrative career in virtue of an inexhaustible output of corpulent and comic monks.

The uncovering of his picture was received with loud cheers and laughter. It represented six monastic gentlemen of revolting joviality tossing pancakes. Thus it suggested Shrove Tuesday. Plumtree's was an admirable little suggestion of gaslight in early morning. It might just as well be Tuesday morning as any other morning.

Staunton annoyed him very much by elaborately describing the noble thoughts that the picture suggested to him. His own was a study of his mother's at-home day, which occurred on Tuesday, in which he introduced all the uncles who had told him things for his own good.

Starwood's picture was the largest. When it was unveiled it seemed to fill the room. It was a dark picture, dark with an intricate density of profound colours, a complex scheme of sombre and subtle harmonies, a kind of gorgeous twilight. Plumtree, who was far too good an artist to let cynicism rob him of the gift of wonder, followed the labyrinth of colour keenly and slowly.

Suddenly he gave a little cry and stepped back.

The whole was a huge human figure. Grey and gigantic, it rose with its back to the spectator. As far as the vast outline could be traced, he had one hand heaved above his head, driving up a load of waters, while below, his feet moved upon a solemn, infinite sea. It was a dark picture, but when grasped, it blinded like a sun.

Above it was written "Tuesday," and below, "And God divided the waters that were under the firmament from the waters that were above the firmament: and the evening and the morning were the second day."

There was a long silence, and Staunton was heard damning himself softly.

"It is certainly very good," he said, "like creation. But why did you reckon Tuesday the second instead of the third day of the Jewish week?"

"I had to reckon from my own seventh day: the day of praise, the day of saying 'It is good,' or I could not have felt it a reality."

"Do you seriously mean that you, yourself, look at the days of the week in that way?"

"The week is the colossal epic of creation," cried Starwood excitedly. "Why are there not rituals for every day? The Day of the creation of Light, why is it not honoured with mystic illuminations? The Day of the Waters, why is it not the day of awful cleansings and sacred immersions——"

"Do you Transcendentalists only wash once a week?" asked Staunton.

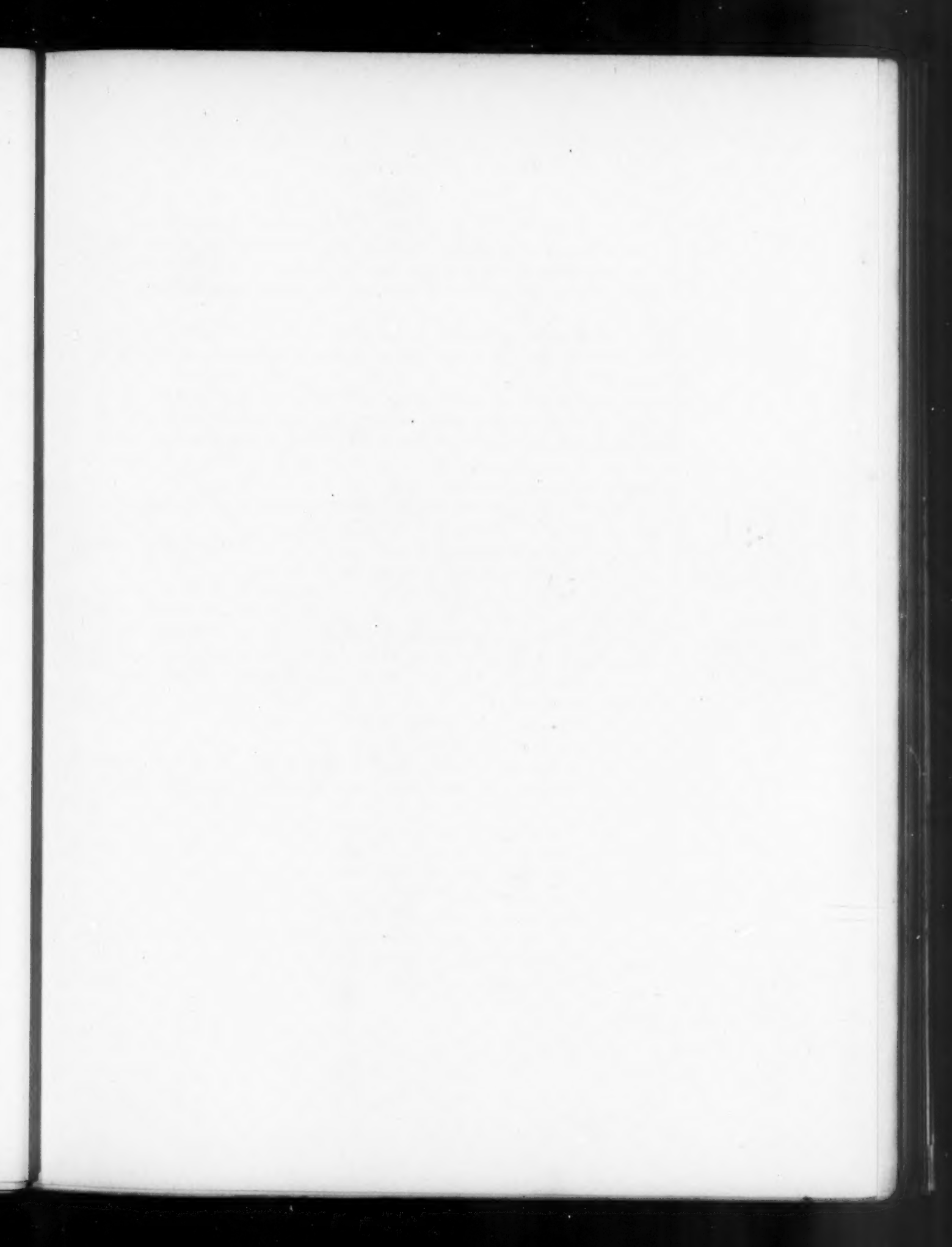
"The Day of the Earth—what a fire of flowers and fruit; the Day of Birds, what a blaze of decorative plumage; the Day of Beasts, what a——"

"What a deed lot of nonsense," said Middleton, who was getting a trifle tired of all this. "If it comes to religion, and quotations from the Bible, what is there for us, Staunton? Can you think of a text for an at-home day?"

Staunton suggested, "And Job lifted up his voice and cursed his day." But Plumtree was still staring at the picture of Tuesday.

G. K. CHESTERTON.





IN A GARDEN

W. TODD-BROWN



IN A GARDEN

W. THIBBROWN



NOCTURNE.

I.

THE twilight falls
Softly, with scarce a sound,
Only a dreaming wind, hushing the trees,
Breathes, and a sighing whisper from the ground
The quickened sense enthralls,
As Earth begins her nightly mysteries.

II.

I am alone,
Alone in Love's sweet hour
With night and dreams ! All things begin to dream ;
The breathing woods are fragrant as a flower ;
Peace, like an undertone
Unheard by day, to fill the world doth seem.

III.

The first faint stars
Come flickering in the sky,
While darkness deepens and grows infinite ;
And earth, and silence, and the stars, and I
Dream on, familiars
Of Heaven's great house, entranced in one delight.

IV.

It is the hour
When Love like twilight broods
Over the heart, his world, and ecstasy
Trembles through all its dusky solitudes :
It is the lover's hour,
And with all dreaming things I dream of thee !

JOHN TODHUNTER.

THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS

Study for a Picture

GEORGE CLAUSEN, A.R.A.



THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS

Study for a Picture

GEORGE CLAUSSON, R.N.A.



THE GILT NIB.

IT was a box of assorted nibs, and one was a gilt one: he was a fine fellow, "fine to the points," he said; and we have no other authority. "You are my servants," said the gilt nib, "and must do as I tell you." He was quite right, it is a great thing to be gilt.

One day the box went a journey. Snip went the scissors; the string was cut, and the lid opened. "Now we shall see the world," said the nibs; which was true, but the gilt nib said nothing; he was too respectable. The nibs were taken out one by one; the first wrote a thrilling story, the next a beautiful letter to a poor widow, another wrote verses, and the critics said "they were passable," which is a great deal for a critic. Every nib did something, and one wrote *a leading article*. The gilt nib was left till the last; "that is proper," said he, "I am the captain." At length his turn came: "What I shall write," said the gilt nib, "will be the talk of the world." Just then he was dipped into the ink. "Ugh," said he, which was very expressive. He had to address a brown paper parcel, which contained—but it is better not to say. "I shall break my legs," said the nib, and he did, one was twisted over the other. "Now I am done for," he said, but he wasn't. A little boy came into the room; he was a lovely child, with fair hair and English blue eyes; "Please give me an old pen, father?" he asked, and was given the gilt nib. He broke off the long legs and left two short ones, one on either side, then he tied the nib onto a stick and affixed a paper dart.

Inner, bullseye, inner, bullseye, went the score. "Now I fly," said the nib; but the boy was called away, and the housemaid put the target and dart in his desk. Next day the little boy was sent away to school, and the desk was put in the store-room. The boy became a great soldier, and had a grand funeral.

And what became of the nib? He was found long after and went with the target to a museum, where he was shut up in a glass case, "which," as the nib remarked, "is very superior." "Now my merits are recognised," said he, "we are not all put in glass cases."

A DISCIPLE OF ANDERSEN.

A PORTRAIT

FRED. BROWN



A. PORTRAIT

FRED. BROWN



"A Little Time Ago"

Words by

J. Tennielli Calkin

SONG

Composed by

J. Baptiste Calkin

Andante

The first system of musical notation consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a half note G4, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand. A dynamic marking of *mf* is present.

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has a rest for the first measure, then enters with a half note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with its rhythmic pattern. A dynamic marking of *p* is present. The lyrics "Softly fell the lengthning shades A long the meadow" are written below the vocal line.

The third system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has a rest for the first measure, then enters with a half note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with its rhythmic pattern. A dynamic marking of *mf* is present. The lyrics "green When hand in hand my love and I Went wandering forth at even I" are written below the vocal line.

The fourth system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has a rest for the first measure, then enters with a half note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with its rhythmic pattern. A dynamic marking of *mf* is present. The lyrics "fondly plucked the roses wild Her gentle brow to grace They could not match the transient bloom that mantled on her" are written below the vocal line. A dynamic marking of *p colla voce* is present at the end of the system.

Composers Copyright

face Too soft too beauti-ful to last The flow'rs no longer blow And she too's gone who

was my life A little time a-go A little time ago

I wander forth a-gain but now No sweet companions

near To touch my hand and make this world A pa-ra-dise appear In vain the meadows

A LITTLE TIME AGO.

31

and the trees their varied beauties shed To me they're like to flowers from which the perfume all has

fled Soon soon dear love I'll fol-low thee where joys ce-lestial flow E'en

brighter holier than we shared A little time a-go E'en brighter holier

than we shared A lit-tle time--a-go

p rit.

p colla voce

mf

rit *mf a tempo*

ad lib. *ped* *a tempo* *ped* *ped*

mf colla voce *p a tempo* *ores.* *f rit*

colla voce *rit.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The fourth system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The fifth system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

BOOK PLATE

DORA CURTIS



BOOK PLATE

DORA CURTIS



AN ENGLISH ILLUSTRATOR.



HE would-be-in-the-movement Londoner of to-day has taken to imitating the ancient Athenian, he is for ever searching for some new thing, in art, in literature, in life ; with the result that the better part, which he almost stumbles over, is ignored, despised, undiscovered, unknown. In his wildest flight he is bourgeois, Philistine, Ruskinian, last of all, Morellian. The man and his work are inseparable. Therefore only those who frequent the afternoon tea, the at-home or the Club, must be discovered ; therefore, the artist is unheard of nearly all his life, while the soulful amateur figures in all the advanced papers, and delights the artistic Miss Old Maid.

Critics have been invented whose only mission is to ferret out the budding genius and the infant phenomenon. Magazines have been started in which every month a new artist is discovered ; while the great men of the country are allowed to pass by on the other side.

Scarce one of the newest art authorities could tell you anything of Menzel. Puvis they have never seen. Segantini is a mystery they cannot fathom. Whistler was absolutely impossible till Goupil made him the fashion. Boecklin is, I believe, to be at last invented. True, these painters are all foreigners, and none of their work is to be seen in English galleries. And the last thing the art discoverer does is to travel, unless to compare, to compile, to contradict the obvious. Even Charles Keene, the Englishman, had to make his reputation in Germany and France before he was tolerated at home.

But here who knows of Ford Madox Brown save to laugh at him ? Who hears of Frederick Shields' drawings ? Of Arthur Boyd Houghton's illustrations ? Of W. H. Hooper's engravings ? And, finally, the man whose work I should like to discuss is regarded as a myth, because he prefers to live his life, and do his work in his own way.

Modern English Illustration is the result of the revival, or really the invention of wood engraving by Bewick, on the one hand, and the influence of the work of Meissonier and Menzel and their wood engravers on the other.

It is the usual thing to pretend to be perfectly original. Whether Rossetti denied the influence of Italian art on his work I do not know; but I do know that it was the work of Menzel which made him an illustrator; he himself acknowledged his delight in Sir John Gilbert's drawings, and they show the greatness of Menzel. Menzel's "Frederick" must have been as well known to the Pre-Raphaelites as it is little known to the Decadents of to-day.

The first important modern illustrated work published in England which has lived, and much deserves to live for the engravings it contains, after Rossetti, Millais, and Holman Hunt, is Moxon's edition of Tennyson, published in 1857. This was followed almost immediately by a monumental edition of Shakespeare, by Sir John Gilbert—not half so well known as it deserves to be—and the Tennyson was preceded, in 1855, by Allingham's "Music Master." This contains Rossetti's first illustration.

Soon after these three books appeared, several illustrated journals were started, some of which still exist. Among them were *Once a Week*, 1859; *Good Words*, and *The Cornhill*, 1860; and, later, *The Quiver*, *The London Journal*, *The Shilling Magazine*, *The Argosy*, and *The Sunday Magazine*—and it is in the torn, scattered, and tattered pages of these periodicals that one must look for the greatest triumphs of English illustration. Badly engraved, wretchedly printed, they are all that remain to us. Even the finding of each drawing is difficult, the artists' names often are not given, hours may be frequently passed in a fruitless search. Among the men who made these illustrations were Sir J. E. Millais, Arthur Boyd Houghton, G. J. Pinwell, W. Small, Frederick Walker, J. W. North, Arthur Hughes, Charles Keene, M. J. Lawless, G. Du Maurier, J. M. N. Whistler, F. W. Lawson, Sir J. Gilbert, and Frederick Sandys.

Though it would be interesting to refer to the work of all these artists, I must confine myself to Sandys, who, in some ways, is the greatest of all English illustrators. He has been ranked as an illustrator after Rossetti, but this is absurd. In imagination, he is the equal of the better-known painter; in technique, vastly his superior; but, until lately, illustration has been in this country simply regarded as an inferior pursuit, not worthy the attention of the serious ones, hence good work in it has not been accomplished.

Sandys, born in 1832, in Norwich, the son of a painter, imbued

with the traditions of that beautiful school of English art, early came to London, and exhibited a few portraits. The first work to which I need refer is his lithographed caricature of "Sir Isumbras at the Ford," by Millais, drawn with pen and ink on a zinc plate in 1857. This plate, by the way, after a very few copies were pulled, disappeared into Germany, in the luggage of a vanishing lithographer. It might still be unearthed, though this is doubtful.

This famous but little-seen Pre-Raphaelite picture shows a knight carrying two children on his horse over a ferry. Shortly after it was hung in the Academy, the lithograph called "A Nightmare" appeared; upon a loudly braying ass, labelled plainly J. R., Oxon, on the rump—John Ruskin, the J. R., the Oxford undergraduate, author of "Modern Painters," who was at this time fighting the battle of pre-Raphaelitism—were seated, Millais firmly, Rossetti tightly held on, in front, by him, Holman Hunt behind, hanging firmly there. On the further shore stand three weeping figures—Raphael, Titian, and Michael Angelo—vainly begging the ass to return for them also. Raphael is even crying, "Orate pro nobis."

The lithograph was received with roars of laughter by Sandys' friends, and howls of rage by all the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, I believe, save Rossetti, who alone seems to have seen the humour. Ruskin was furious, and threatened the law, but as the author was unknown, this was not easy to put into force; but Rossetti and Sandys became firm friends.

Next year, 1860, in the *Cornhill Magazine* appeared the first wood engraving, after his design made on the block. It is called "The Legend of the Portent," engraved by the Dalziels; the artist's name is not signed to it.

It is a curious fact that Thackeray, the Editor, who was himself desirous of becoming an illustrator, not only refused for more than a year to allow any drawings to be signed in the *Cornhill*, but actually employed Fred Walker to work up his childish and amateurish sketches into decent pictures; Thackeray taking all the credit, and possibly the cash as well, for work he could not do. However, later on, he acknowledged his debt to Walker. This drawing by Sandys is evidently the work of a man not accustomed to the wood block; still it is striking and individual.

Next year, 1861, a number of designs—five—were published in *Once a Week*: "Sailor's Bride," "From my Window," and three others.

It was in 1862 that he did his most notable work, "The Old Chartist," in *Once a Week*, "Death of King Warwolf," "Harold Harfagr." "The Old Chartist" might have been done by Dürer, so far as the line goes, in the distant landscape, but the trees have more character than Dürer's trees, and the Chartist is a figure that Sandys has seen for himself; but it is this evidence of things seen which gives such force to his drawings; his illustrations are as carefully studied as any one else's paintings—in fact, he realises, as all great illustrators do, that this form of art is as serious as any other.

In 1862 there are eight drawings; in 1863 but three or four; in 1864 none; in 1865 a magnificent "Amor Mundi," for the poem by Miss Rossetti, in the *Shilling Magazine*; in 1866, "The Advent of Winter," in the *Argosy*, and "Cleopatra," in the *Cornhill*; in 1881, one drawing for "Dalziel's Bible," "Jacob Hears the Voice of the Lord,"—the original is owned by Mr. Craik—and, finally, a wood block which I found in the office of J. Swain, the wood engraver, of "Danæ in the Brazen Chamber," which shocked the virtuous editors of *Once a Week*, for which it was drawn in 1863. It had been engraved, but it never was printed up to that time. It first appeared in the *Hobby Horse*, a magazine which, I believe, is now dead.

There are possibly a few other unpublished drawings by Sandys. In fact I myself possess—this one, drawn on the wood—"The Spirit of the Storm," which was never engraved. It is fairly safe to say that no illustrator with so few drawings on wood has won among artists so great a reputation. The subjoined list is of only twenty-eight drawings, but every one of these will live in the prints, which are indeed all that now survive of the original work. He has, of course, not the popularity of Rossetti, who, possibly, did no more in illustration, even much less.

The large finished studies, usually in pen and ink, made for many of his drawings fortunately still do exist. I have seen several of these, among them the "Amor Mundi," owned by Lord Battersea and photographed by Hollyer; this is quite the most beautiful modern drawing of its kind, I think, that has ever been done.

Many of Sandys' studies were in the possession of Mr. Anderson Rose

until a few years ago; but at his sale, they were widely scattered, and sold, I have heard, for a song.

Although this great artist lives to-day, and is quite capable of producing as good work as his early designs, there is scarcely an English publisher or editor who has ever heard of him, while the rare exceptions who have, apparently have not the sense to employ him. For one publishing house, however, Messrs. Macmillan, he has produced a remarkable series of chalk portraits of English Literary celebrities, though very few as yet have been published.

To consider Sandys' portraits, his compositions, in coloured chalks, in oils, in water-colour, would take me far away from the subject of his book illustrations, and my desire is to confine myself to his illustrations alone. Should anyone wish to see the work of Sandys in this field of art, I can but refer them to the following list, which is fairly complete. It was first published, save the two last numbers, in the *Hobby Horse*.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERICK SANDYS.

THE PORTENT. (<i>Cornhill</i>) . . . 1860	THE LITTLE MOURNER. (<i>Wilmott's</i>
YET ONCE MORE ON THE ORGAN	<i>Sacred Poetry</i>) . . . 1863
PLAY. (<i>Once a Week</i>) . . . 1861	THE WAITING TIME. (<i>Churchman's</i>
THE SAILOR'S BRIDE. (<i>Once a Week</i>) 1861	<i>Family Magazine</i>) . . . 1863
FROM MY WINDOW. (<i>Once a Week</i>) . 1861	SLEEP. (<i>Good Words</i>) . . . 1863
THE THREE STATUES OF AEGINA.	AMOR MUNDI. (<i>Shilling Magazine</i>) . 1865
(<i>Once a Week</i>) . . . 1861	HELEN AND CASSANDRA. (<i>Once a</i>
ROSAMOND, QUEEN OF THE LOMBARDS	<i>Week</i>) . . . 1866
(<i>Once a Week</i>) . . . 1861	THE ADVENT OF WINTER. (<i>Quiver</i>) 1866
THE OLD CHARTIST. (<i>Once a Week</i>) 1862	IF. (<i>Argosy</i>) . . . 1866
THE KING AT THE GATE. (<i>Once a</i>	CLEOPATRA. (<i>Cornhill</i>) . . . 1866
<i>Week</i>) . . . 1862	JACOB HEARS THE VOICE OF THE
JACQUES DE CAUMONT. (<i>Once a Week</i>) 1862	LORD. (<i>Dalsiel's Family Bible</i> .)
THE DEATH OF KING WARWOLF.	(Drawn long previously) . . . 1881
(<i>Once a Week</i>) . . . 1862	PROUD MAISIE. (<i>Cassell's Magazine</i>) 1881
THE BOY MARTYR. (<i>Once a Week</i>) . 1862	DANÆ IN THE BRAZEN CHAMBER
HARALD HARFAGR. (<i>Once a Week</i>) . 1862	(<i>Hobby Horse</i>) . . . 1888
UNTIL THE DEATH. (<i>Good Words</i>) . 1862	SPIRIT OF THE STORM (<i>Never Engraved</i>)
MANOLI. (<i>Cornhill</i>) . . . 1862	DESPAIR . . . (Unknown)
LIFE'S JOURNEY. (<i>Wilmott's Sacred</i>	
<i>Poetry of the 16th, 17th, 18th, and</i>	
<i>19th Centuries</i>) . . . 1863	

JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE SPIRIT OF THE STORM

AN UNFINISHED DRAWING BY FREDERICK SANDYS



THE SPIRIT OF THE STORM

AN UNFINISHED DRAWING BY FREDERICK HAYDON



THE LEGEND OF ST. CUTHBERT.



HE Editor, by request, has compiled the following few notes on that part of the legendary history of St. Cuthbert which is here depicted.

An account of the wanderings of the monks of Lindisfarne, after their flight from the monastery, would be somewhat lengthy and out of place; suffice it to say that, having settled at Chester-le-Street for a considerable period, they were again compelled to flee, on account of further Danish wars, and made their way to Ripon, carrying with them the precious relics of St. Cuthbert, their former bishop. This, in turn, proved only a temporary abode, and war ceasing, they commenced their return journey to Chester-le-Street, an account of which may be quoted from a fifteenth-century MS., "The Life of St. Cuthbert," edited for the Surtees Society by the Rev. J. T. Fowler.

"With' in foure moneths the wer gun sees (*war ceased*),
 It (*There*) was in contre rest and pees,
 The bishchop and the folk were fayne (*glad*)
 Thai busk (*prepare*) to Chestre to wende agayne,
 Thai come to este syde of Durham,
 To a place Wardelaw the name.
 Thai all' myght noght the saynte bere (*bier*),
 Out of that place ferrar stere (*stir*),
 The bischop and the pepill' faste,
 Whill' thre days were comen and past.
 Thai pray to god with' reverence,
 What thai sall' do thaim to encence (*instruct*)
 Revelacioun thare had thai,
 To wende to Durham that ilk day,
 And thare thair rest forto take,
 And restyng to the saynt to make.
 To Durham with' the cors thai rade (*journeyed*),
 A litil chapell' of wandes thai made,
 Thar in the saynt body thai sett,
 Whils thai better kirke moght gett."

This, however, although recording the immobility of the coffin, makes no mention of the famous legend of the Dun Cow.

Hegge, writing in 1663 A.D., utterly rejects it, and his interesting account is as follows:—

“But to return to the monks of Chestre, who, with their Bishop, enjoyed such calme of Ease, that they make no noise in History, till the rumor of the landing of Danes troubled their rest; This was the 115 year after they had seated themselves in Chestre, when Aldivinius, then Bishop, was bid by Saint Cuthbert in his sleep to avoid the fury of the Danes. But after six moneths, and peace concluded, in their return from thence, there happened a weighty miracle; for at Wardenlaw, East of Durham, Saint Cuthbert his Coffin was so heavy that all the company that accompanied his corps could not draw the waine whereon they lay; by which they perceived so much of Saint Cuthbert his mind that he would not be carried to Chestre. At length, after the preparation of three days’ fast, it was revealed to Eadmarus, a devout monk, that Dunholme was the place of his perpetual rest.”

The legend of the Dun Cow apparently seems to be of post Reformation date, the only evidence to the contrary being a piece of sculpture that is copied from one originally existing on the north-west turret of the chapel of the nine altars, in Durham Cathedral, which probably only had reference to the old saying, “The Dun Cow’s milk makes the Prebends’ wives go all in silk.”

The legend first appears in “Rites of Durham,” 1593, and may be inserted here to complete the story.

“But being distressed because they were ignorant where Dunholme was, see their good fortune, as they were goinge, a woman that lacked hir cowe did call aloud to hir companion to know if shee did not see hir, who answered with a loud voice that hir cowe was in Dunholme; a happye and heavenly echo to the distressed monkes, who by that means were at the end of their journey, where they should finde a restinge place for the body of theire honoured Saint.”

Hegge concludes by telling us that “then two or three could draw the cart, which before the whole Diocesse of people could not so much as move.”

It is needless to say that in Dunholme they accordingly remained, and here was built, over the relics of the saint, the famous cathedral of Durham.

But seeing that the position of Durham Cathedral, both from an artistic and strategic point of view, ranks second to none in the kingdom—particularly if we remember what an important bearing the troublous times, during which the majority of our cathedrals were founded, had on the choice of a site; and what a wonderful protection the great bend in the river and the abrupt eminence would afford to the inhabitants, and that, therefore, no excuse was required for not continuing the journey—it becomes a matter of wonder that monk or chronicler should consider it worth while to lay stress on so improbable a story. And yet, perhaps, although to the mind of the matter-of-fact modern such a statement will appear almost treasonable, it seems that in this case, as in others, we gain more from the picturesqueness of detail than we should have done from an unswerving veracity on the part of the historian. The fact that Durham is Durham remains, and why it is so is a matter of no great consequence.

THE LEGEND OF ST. CUTHBERT

ROBERT SPENCE



THE LEGEND OF ST. CUTHBERT

ROBERT SPENCE





EDWARD FITZGERALD.

*A Paper read before the Literary Society of University College on January 24th, 1896,
by ARTHUR PLATT, Professor of Greek.*

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

WHEN I was enticed into promising to read a paper before this learned Society, I pondered a good deal the question what subject or author to bring before you. And I concluded that if I could bring some of you acquainted with an author you might not know and who was very much worth knowing, I should be doing a greater service to you than by any amount of talking about people you know already.

No author seemed to me so fit for the purpose from this point of view as Edward Fitzgerald. Though his great work has been before the world nearly forty years, and though he numbers more admirers every year, he is yet not generally known in the way that Tennyson, and Browning, and Swinburne are. At least, I think not. There is no reasonably cheap edition of his to be had, which is at once proof of this, and partly the cause of it, and several persons of my acquaintance have enrolled themselves my debtors for life for introducing him to them.

Fitzgerald was born in 1809—an easy date to remember, for nearly

everybody was born in 1809—I need only mention Tennyson and Darwin. His great work was published in 1859, the year of the “Origin of Species.” He died in 1883. Really, that is about all that anyone need want to know about his life until they know the man, and then they may want to know everything—*everything*. For the greater part of those seventy-four years he lived like a recluse in Suffolk, on the coast of the North Sea, dreaming his life away among dreams and shadows, except for his love of sailing—in *that* he was a true Briton. All the summer he used to be sailing about the east coast. Once he even went as far as Holland—to see Paul Potter’s *Bull*, said a story about him, but, finding a fair wind back to England when he got there, he thought it a pity to lose it, and promptly sailed back without seeing Paul Potter or anything else. For the fishermen and sailors he had a great affection—in particular for one of them whom he made captain of his crew, and whom he called by the euphonious title of *Posh*. His real name is unrecorded. This Posh, said he, is one of the three greatest *Men* I have known—the other two being Tennyson and Thackeray—and Posh was superior to *them* in being less self-conscious. His morality, he says again, was that of Carlyle’s heroes, the Norse seakings and such people, not ours but different, and none the worse for that. Unluckily, one feature of Posh’s morality was an ill-regulated thirst, and, after many remonstrances and broken vows, Fitzgerald had to part company with him.

But it is not with the yachtsman but with the dreamer of dreams that we have to do here. For he dreamed *one* dream that is more lasting than we ourselves, or he, or the roses he planted, or the very Suffolk coast he lived on, which the sea is devouring by square miles every winter. Let us come to his great work. O, do not be afraid, I am not going to—

“Inflict again
More books of blank upon the sons of men.”

It is not an epic nor an essay on the character of Hamlet—it is just 404 lines long, and very likely some of you know it all by heart already. And not only is it lamentably short, but it is only a translation. Yes, but what a translation! “a planet larger than the sun which cast it,” says Tennyson of it,

There was born in Persia, in the latter half of the eleventh century, a certain Omar. He was a great man among the Persians, famous for learning, especially astronomy, and poetry and heterodoxy. He was one of the eight wise men who reformed the calendar, he was author of astronomical tables, and of a treatise on the extraction of cubic roots, and another on algebra, which he wrote in Arabic, as if it was not bad enough without. Probably no other man ever made the rebellious muse of mathematics (mad Mathesis, as Pope calls her) run so well in harness with her sister of verse. His poems consist simply of quatrains, little epigrams of four lines long a-piece; they are arranged in alphabetical order, and to read them in the original must be almost as festive as reading through a dictionary. Their subjects are—he was a Persian, and so, of course, his subjects are “praise of love and wine,” and speculation in religious metaphysics. That is what *all* Persian poetry is, at least all the poetry of the great Persian poets, as far as I know, with one great exception. The passion of that nation for the nebulous, hazy region, which is not exactly philosophy because it is not logical, nor exactly religion because it is not practical, nor ethics because it is not dull—this passion of theirs, I say, is truly remarkable. Read Mr. E. G. Browne’s “Travels in Persia,” and you will find them still at it to this day—they will not talk of anything else. They look at this world through a rosy haze of mysticism, in which all things flow into one another and nothing is plain, in which everything is a symbol of something else, and, in the end, all things are absorbed in the Divinity. More especially is it the great end of man to get rid of his own individuality, and be mystically united with God. This world is a mere illusion and a miserable fraud—we must get rid of all desire, all passion, we must remorselessly crush our own individuality—just as with the Buddhists on the East and Stoics on the West. For until we lose ourselves and *become* God, we cannot find ourselves. This theory is most beautifully illustrated by a saying of Jelaluddin:—“One came to the Beloved’s door (*i.e.*, God), and knocked. And a voice from within said: ‘Who is there?’ And he said, ‘It is I.’ Then the voice said: ‘This House will not hold Me and Thee’; and the door was not opened unto him. And the lover (the soul of man) departed into the wilderness, and fasted and prayed in solitude. And after a year he came again to the Beloved’s door,

and knocked. And a voice from within said : ' Who is there ? ' And he said, ' It is *THYSELF*.' And the door was opened unto him."

Such is the region in which the Persian mind loves to dwell, such the order of ideas amid which Omar grew up. But there *he could* not stay. As he says himself :—

" Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about ; but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

" With them the seed of wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow,
And this was all the Harvest that I reaped,
' I came like Water, and like Wind I go.' "

And he goes on, alluding to his astronomical studies :—

" Up from Earth's centre, through the seventh gate,
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many a knot unravelled by the road,
But not the Master Knot of human Fate.

" There was the Door, to which I found no key,
There was the Veil, through which I might not see :
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee,
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me."

So, failing to find any world but this, and any providence but destiny, he set about making the best of this world—in fact, he is not a romantic Stoic masquerading in a peacock's plumage, like his poetic brethren, but an Epicurean. The way in which he enforces the Epicurean view is, of course, principally by praising wine ; for he is a Persian poet and a Mohammedan, to whom wine is forbidden by his religion. So it adds a piquancy to it, because it is naughty as well as nice. And, of course, the orthodox looked upon him with horror, though he was protected by the Sultan. So he says :—

" Indeed, the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in this world much wrong ;
Have drowned my Glory in a shallow cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song.

" Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before,
I swore—but was I sober when I swore ?
And then—and then came Spring, and rose in hand,
My threadbare Penitence a-pieces tore,

"And much as Wine has played the Infidel,
And robbed me of my Robe of Honour—well,
I wonder often what the Vintners buy
One-half so precious as the stuff they sell."

And, in particular, he rebels against the doctrine of self-denial, which was universally preached by the Sufis, and which was inculcated in respect to wine by the Mohammedan religion—so wine with Omar is a type of the enjoyment of this world in general. Like Faust, he revolts against the command: "Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren—Das ist der ewige Gesang"—"What will you get?" asks the old sceptic; "the future life and all your mysticism are dreams—take what you can get *here*."

"I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,
Scared by some after-reckoning ta'en on trust,
Or lured with hope of some diviner drink
To fill the Cup, when crumbled into Dust!

"Oh, threats of Hell and hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain—*This* life flies.
One thing is certain, and the rest is Lies;
The flower that once has blown for ever dies."

Well, this old heathen remained very much in the shade for some eight hundred years, because of his unorthodoxy, and his alphabetical arrangement, and one thing or another, until he fell into the hands of Fitzgerald, who, says Mr. Swinburne, has made Omar one of the greatest of English poets. Fitzgerald began studying Persian in 1853, under the guidance of Professor Cowell. He presently began turning odd stanzas of Omar into English—many into rhymed monkish Latin, too. And after a while he strung them together into a kind of chain with some connexion, and so made a sort of soliloquy in a garden out of the scattered jewels of Omar.

Persian scholars will tell one that Fitzgerald palmed off a very inferior article on the English market; that he dressed up his Omar out of all recognition, making him appear taller than he really was, as Xenophon says of those Athenian ladies who had a strange custom of wearing high-heeled shoes. And they are quite indignant about it, looking upon us admirers of Omar just as we look on the benighted inhabitants of Continental Europe who persist in admiring Lord Byron long after *we* have

exploded him. But, for all that, it appears that Omar really did strike Fitzgerald as the most interesting of the Persian poets. It was just because he felt a certain kinship with him that he was able to make such a success out of him. For Fitzgerald wandered in the same valley of darkness himself. He, too, was naturally of a religious turn of mind; on his tomb are inscribed, by his own wish, the words: "It is He that has made us, and not we ourselves," and yet he, too, failed to find any world but this. In Omar he could find that same idea of resignation to "that which has made us and not we ourselves," just as in *Æschylus* or *Marcus Aurelius*, or the greatest of all poems that deal with these mysteries—the Book of *Job*. For has not Omar said:—

"We are no other than a moving Row
Of magic shadow shapes that come and go,
Round with the sun-illumin'd Lantern held
In midnight by the Master of the show.

"But helpless pieces of the game He plays
Upon this chequer board of Night and Days,
Hither and thither moves and checks and slays,
And one by one back in the closet lays.

"The ball no question makes of ayes and noes,
But here or there as strikes the player goes,
And He that tossed you down into the field,
He knows about it all—He knows—HE knows.

"The moving Finger writes, and having writ,
Moves on, nor all your piety nor wit,
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out one word of it.

"Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend
Before we, too, into the Dust descend,
Dust into dust, and under dust to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End."

It is not a lofty or heroic strain, no doubt; many persons are sure always to be shocked by it, and to say that it is nothing but the despairing cry: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." "I know you will thank me," writes Fitzgerald to a friend, when sending him a copy, "and I think you will feel a sort of 'triste Plaisir' in it, as others besides myself have felt. It is a desperate sort of thing, unfortunately at the

bottom of all thinking men's minds; but made music of." In those words he exhausts all criticism of his own poem. Never, surely, did any poet more justly weigh his own work in a single sentence.

But Fitzgerald's way of making the best of this world was very different from the easy Epicurean philosophy which Omar professed, and which he appears to have, to some extent, practised. Assuredly Omar was no vulgar Epicurean himself—he, who was qualified to be a professor of mathematics—but, for all that, the burden of his song is simply:—

" Drink, for, once dead, you never shall return."

Strange, indeed, that such a doctrine should be popularized in England by the man whose motto was Plain Living and High Thinking, the man who would give his friends of the best when they came to see him, while he himself would walk up and down the room, munching an apple or a turnip. I am not inventing; his biographer *says a turnip*. For he was a vegetarian—indeed, he once nearly killed Tennyson, by persuading him, too, to turn vegetarian for six weeks.

Well, you have a pretty good idea by this time of the contents and of the style of the Poem. Now for a word on Fitzgerald's principles of translation. The unhappy translator is always being impaled on the horns of a dilemma. If he translates literally, he produces stuff no mortal can read. "I am sure," says Fitzgerald elsewhere of another poem, "I am sure a complete translation, even in prose, would not have been a *readable* one, which, after all, is a useful property of most books, *even of poetry*." If, on the other hand, he makes a good and readable thing of it, then arise all the people who know the original, and begin to peck at it like domestic fowl. If one steers a middle course, one pleases nobody. Fitzgerald boldly adopted the principle that what is wanted in a translation is *this*: To give people who don't know the original a sort of idea of the effect it produces on people who do. For this end we must throw all attempt at a *literal* translation to the wind. We must soak ourselves in the spirit of an author, and reproduce that spirit in as good poetic style as we may be master of. So, not only with Omar, but with his other translations too, he omits whole passages, puts in bits of his own, modifies and arranges everything, and makes—a poem. It is interesting to compare Paley's translation of the

Agamemnon of Æschylus with Fitzgerald's from this point of view. Paley assures us himself, in his Preface (and I suppose he ought to know), that *his* is readable and tolerably literal, and then offers us such gems as: "You are some crazy-headed person, or possessed by some god"; or, again, "And my inward parts do not vainly bode—the heart that whirls in eddies against the midriff, while it justly looks for a fulfilment of its fears." Really, if Æschylus is that sort of thing, why do we rise up early and so late take rest that we may proceed B.A. in Arts? Now listen to another bit from Fitzgerald, about Helen's flight from Menelaus:—

" Not beside thee in the chamber,
Menelaus, any more;
But with him she fled with, pillowed,
On the summer softly billowed,
Ocean, into dimple wreathing
Underneath a breeze of amber,
Airs that, as from Eros breathing,
Filled the sail and flew before;
Floating on the summer seas,
Like some sweet effigies
Of Eirene's self, or sweeter
Aphrodite, sweeter still;
With the Shepherd for whose luckless
Hand upon the Phrygian hill
Of the three Immortals, she
The fatal prize of Beauty bore,
Floating with him o'er the foam
She rose from to the Shepherd's home
On the Ionian shore."

There is hardly a word, hardly a single word of all that in Æschylus. But which of the two gives one the impression that Æschylus gives—Paley or Fitzgerald?

But, of course, Fitzgerald could not escape the domestic fowl. Just listen to one of them cackling. The most splendid stanzas of the whole poem are those which end the first long soliloquy:—

" O Thou, who didst with Pitfall and with Gin,*
Beset the road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestination round
Enmesh—and *then* impute my fall to Sin !

* "Gin?" says Mr. —, pricking up his ears. No, my young friend, it is not the liquor, but another word for a snare. Not but what Omar's "Road" seems to have been sore enough beset by drink.

"O Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
 And even with Paradise devise the snake;
 For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
 Is blackened, Man's forgiveness give—and take!"

By the addition of the last two words, Fitzgerald has turned a commonplace idea enough into the most fearful indictment ever uttered by Man against his Maker. One would have thought that any comment on it could only take the form of a note of admiration. But Professor Cowell—well, Professor Cowell is a Professor, and I do not like to hear persons of dignity lightly spoken of, and, moreover, he was a good friend to Fitzgerald as ever man had, and it is thanks to him that he ever learnt any Persian at all, and that we are talking about him here to-day—but, I say, Cowell writes:—"There is no original for the line about the snake" (as if anybody cared); "I have looked for it in vain in Nicholas; but I have always supposed that the last line is Fitzgerald's *mistaken version* of Quatrain 236. Fitzgerald mistook the meaning of *giving* and *accepting* as used here, and so invented his last line *out of his own mistake*. I wrote to him about it when I was in Calcutta, but he never cared to alter it." He never cared to alter it! The unconscious irony of those last words is simply delicious. And how characteristic of Fitzgerald is the story. Any other man, one would think, would have written back to consign the Professor to a hotter climate than Calcutta, and to observe that, if there was any one line in the English language a man might be proud of, it was just that. But Fitzgerald was the most modest of men, "one who as persistently avoided fame as others seek it." I can fancy him smiling over that remonstrance, and putting off his corrector, giving him the impression that he (Cowell) was quite right, but that his poor verses were really not worth troubling about.

Well, let us thank the gods that *we* know no Persian, and try to estimate the position of this Omar purely as *English* literature. I always think of Gray's *Elegy* in connection with it. "And Gray," says Fitzgerald, in one of his letters, "ah, to think of that little *Elegy* inscribed among the stars, while —— & Co. are blazing away with their fireworks here on earth." Even so did he himself inscribe that little *elegy* of his among the stars, while nobody heard of him or thought

about him, and while all the literary papers were full of those other noisy people. Not that I fail myself to like them, but it certainly is my opinion that Fitzgerald may very likely outlast the whole gang of them, just as Gray's *Elegy* has beaten all the works of his contemporaries, who were so much more brilliant than he. Each of the two lived more or less in seclusion, buried with their books—the world forgetting, by the world forgot—each polished his little *Elegy* for years. The subject of each is very much the same—quite commonplace—nothing out of the way, just such reflections as every man makes about life and death, and, therefore, as immortal in essence as man himself. Whatever creeds may rise and fall, whatever mutabilities of empire and science and manners there may be, so long as we are what we are in the end of it all these reflections must strike home.

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour——”

Each of the two was so fastidious that he rejected at least one of the most beautiful stanzas, now to be found only in the notes.

On a close comparison, I think—I am afraid—the palm must be yielded to Gray. His *Elegy* is better arranged as a whole—naturally, when one thinks how the other was pieced together out of the chaotic heap of the original Omar. And taking stanza for stanza, line for line, there are better stanzas and better lines in Gray. He has not the same natural easy flow as Fitzgerald, whether melancholy or humorous or whimsical, but he has more weight and dignity and power. He took himself more seriously. Modesty is a good thing, or so they say who understand about it, but Fitzgerald was, perhaps, *too* modest; if he had been more ambitious he might have taken even more pains than he did, and insisted deliberately on making a treasure for ever, as Gray did. Yes, perhaps he would have spoilt it, so we had better be content. Then, too, when we compare the two, we must allow for the lapse of Time. Time has laid a decaying finger here and there upon Gray. There are bits of the *elegy* which are written in the poetic slang of the day; “Froze the genial current of the soul,” for example, is as detestable a piece of eighteenth-century poetic slang as you can find; such things pass muster well enough in their own

time, when everybody is used to expressions of the sort, but after a while they turn out to be colours which will not last. And how do we know how much poetic slang of the *nineteenth* century there may not be in Fitzgerald? At any rate, as Omar has it, "One thing is certain, and the rest is Lies"—the Persian allusions in Fitzgerald are a nuisance. One is always liable to an incursion of Oriental tinsel in European poetry. Goethe, Hugo, Leconte de Lisle, Byron, Bodenstedt, have all amused themselves with it and irritated us. And then there was Moore. When I was young, some forty years ago, people used still to read *Lalla Rookh*, and used to like to talk about Bendemeer's stream, and the Green Sea, and yataghans, and such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff. You could not read ten lines without looking at a note to find out what was meant by a *zel* or a *chibouk* or a *talipot tree*; things about which Moore knew no more than I do; but which he had laboriously crammed up in Oriental dictionaries. These things, too, are of the nature of fireworks, and, though they may take the fancy for a time, they soon lose all their lustre. "I do not like the fashion of your garments," said King Lear to a person whose only "apparatus" was a blanket; "you will say that they are Persian, but I would have them changed." That is a very appropriate motto for poetry of the kind.

" 'Well, let it take them,' says Fitzgerald, 'what have *we* to do
With Kaikobad the Great or Kai Khosroo? ' "

A sentiment one often echoes. Only he did not deliberately drag them in. On the contrary, he cut quantities out. Still, in the long run, it must be a great advantage to Gray that he is purely English—or, rather, purely human, for even to England there is hardly an allusion in his Elegy.

Yet, surely, when all allowance is made for the effects of time, and the weariness of Persian allusion, such lines as these must be as "immortal," as we are pleased to call it, as Gray himself:—

"They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
And Bahram, that great Hunter—the wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his sleep.

" I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled,
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely Head.

" And this reviving Herb whose tender green
Fledges the River Lip on which we lean—
Ah—lean upon it lightly, for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen !

" Ah, my Belovèd, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past Regret and future Fears :
To-morrow ! why, to-morrow I may be
Myself with yesterday's seven thousand years.

" For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
Have drunk their Cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest."

" But time goes on, and shorter paths I know," says Pindar. Fitzgerald made many other translations : *Salaman and Absal*, from Jami ; *Bird-Parliament*, from Attar—Persians both. Both poems deal, of course, with the eternal mysticism, the abnegation of the body and union of the soul with God. I will read an extract from the *Bird-Parliament*, which is a fable to satirise those who hesitate between this world and the other :—

" There was a Queen of Egypt like the Bride
Of Night, full-moon-faced and Canopus-eyed,
Whom one among the meanest of her Crowd
Loved—and she knew it, for he loved aloud,
And sent for him, and said : ' Thou lov'st thy Queen ;
Now, therefore, thou hast this to choose between :
Fly for thy Life—or for this one Night wed
Thy Queen, and with the Sunrise lose thy Head.'
He paused—he turned to fly—she struck him Dead.
' For had he truly loved his Queen,' said she,
' He would at once have given his Life for me,
And Life and Wife had carried ; but he lied,—
And loving only Life, has justly died.' "

He also translated the *Agamemnon* and both the *Ædipuses*, and eight plays of Calderon. But the British public *will not* swallow Calderon in any shape ; I suppose he must be read in the original, and I daresay it would turn out that he is not worth the trouble. I should advise anyone who may be tempted to look at them to begin with the *Mighty Magician*. Then he

made a boiled-down version of Crabbe's "Tales of the Hall," which, I think, has never been published. Crabbe was a great passion of his, he was always trying to cram him down other people's throats. "Positively, I am at my eternal Crabbe again," he says, in a letter to Mrs. Kemble. But it is no use; in the race for oblivion Crabbe has easily distanced even Hazlitt.

Then there is a prose dialogue called *Euphranor*, which, to my taste, seemed scarce worth reading, though Tennyson called the end of it the finest piece of English prose he knew! So do tastes differ.

But what seems like to live best after Omar is the "Letters"—one series to different friends and another to Fanny Kemble. Which of the two is the more delightful I do not know; but I think there are no other letters like them in English. Pieces of delightful literary criticism—often fearfully unorthodox; but what a joy it is to meet a man who says what he thinks, and does not feel bound to admire what he doesn't admire. He deplores his own taste in the most simple manner, how he could not like Goethe, for instance, and how he could not read ten lines of *Paradise Lost* because of some pedantic classical allusion or construction, which "sends one from Hell or Heaven to the school-room, worse than either." "Well, but I believe in the Vox Populi of two hundred years; still more of two thousand," he writes; *he* would not set up his own private taste above the world's, as most of us are so fond of doing. Then there are most unexpected and capricious ideas always turning up. Thus of a sonata of Beethoven's he writes: "It is meant to express the discord and gradual atonement of two lovers, and Beethoven was disgusted that every one did not see what was meant; *in truth*, it expresses *any* resistance gradually overcome—Dobson shaving with a blunt razor, for instance." What other mortal would ever have compared a Beethoven sonata to a man shaving? Then his banter about Spedding, the editor and biographer of Bacon, and his own dearest friend. Spedding had an immense forehead, and was bald, like all truly great men, and Fitzgerald tells us of drawings of Swiss lakes, with Spedding's forehead rising over the mountains; and, again, when Spedding went to America, we are gravely told of the confusion caused to the shipping in the Channel, because the sailors would mistake his forehead for Beachy Head.

But I hear two objections taken to the Letters—they are too feminine, and the Capital Letters are used in a chaotic way at the beginning of words. Well, the Capitals can be left alone.* He always had a Fancy for Them; but, as to the other charge, is it not just that feminine quality which gives the Letters their charm? In a general of division or an anatomist or a New Woman to be feminine may be a mistake; but here what have we to do with that? One does not want a man to write letters in the spirit in which he would lead a charge of cavalry! It is just that feminine quality in his nature which makes the man himself and his letters so lovable. "One loves Virgil somehow," he says, after quoting him in one of them, and is it not just the same with Virgil, whom the Neapolitans nicknamed the Maid? It is that gentle melancholy temperament which gives its charm to the verse of both. The letters of Horace Walpole may be infinitely more brilliant and sparkling, they may have more amusing stories in them, but one does not love Walpole—not a bit.

It has been said of Fitzgerald that he writes to his friends rather as a lover than as a friend. And he says himself in a letter of 1834:—"Your letter has indeed been a long time coming, but it is all the more delicious. Perhaps you can't imagine how wistfully I have looked for it; how, after a walk, my eyes have turned to the table, on coming into the room, to see it. Sometimes I have been tempted to be angry with you; but then I thought that I was sure you would come a hundred miles to serve me, though you were too lazy to sit down to a letter, I suppose that people who are engaged in serious ways of life, and are of well-filled minds, don't think much about the interchange of letters with any anxiety; but I am an idle fellow, of a very ladylike turn of sentiment, and my friendships are more like loves, I think."

Therefore perhaps it was that he was so much beloved by those who knew him. Tennyson and Thackeray both counted him the dearest of all their friends, and so, no doubt, did the Third Great Man, Posh. Even Carlyle who had a good word for nobody, could find nothing to say against him worse than to call him "the ultra-modest man, with his peaceable, far-niente life." Of course, Carlyle would have no sympathy

* So I said in my haste, but the discussion seemed to show they *can't*.

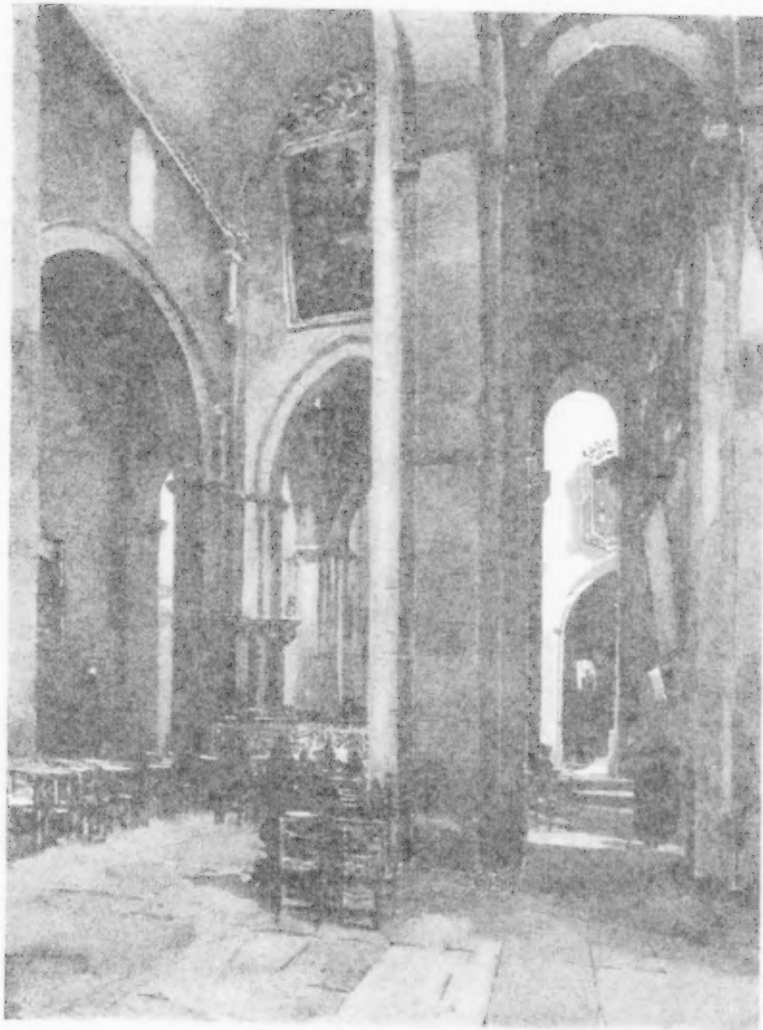
with his pursuits ; to translate Persian and Greek and Calderon was, in the language of the philosopher, to occupy one's self with dead dogs. "Unser Zeitalter bedarf kräftiger Geister," said a greater than Carlyle, and yet at odd times, despite Presidents and Kaisers, one may still dream with a melancholy pleasure over that eternal lamentation, old as the song of Linus among the cornfields, or the wailing of the Syrian maidens over their wounded Thammuz :—

" Yet, ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose,
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close,
The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah, whence and whither flown again—who knows ? "

But, to borrow a phrase from an Alexandrine poet, the Nightingales of Fitzgerald yet live, and shall sing to generations yet unborn when we are all with Kaikobad and Kai Khosroo.

ST. TROPHIME, ARLES

JOSEPH PENNELL



ST. TROPHIME, ARLES

JOSEPH FENNELL



WALL-PAPERS: A PERSONAL NOTE.



HE modern wall-paper is a curious compromise between art and commerce. In the beginning it vaguely represented textile hangings, or rather supplied a cheap and convenient substitute for draperies which the good housewife abhorred in her heart as harbouring dust, moths, and all uncleanness. Moreover, the art of tapestry died in the seventeenth century; and by the end of the eighteenth century all the oak had been made into charcoal, or ships, or otherwise consumed; so there was no more panelling. Then came Stucco mouldings—weakly imitative of wood or marble—and, to the unimaginative mind of the British domestic person, suggestive of the glories of Italian palaces. These lasted long enough to chip and crack themselves into decent disorder; and so gave way to paper.

Ever since the Great Awakening of 1851, which taught so many technical terms—but never the interpretation thereof—to a respectable population not before conscious of a deficiency in its education, we have had the wall-paper with us in all the strength of its poverty. Who has not seen, in dim and undusted attics, the earthly relics of that first great age of Victorian art, brick red or brick yellow with dashes of loam-colour? A futile gamekeeper shot impossible ducks with terrible monotony; and fat postillions drank each other's eternal healths amid formless masses reputed to be vegetation. The next stage was one of diagonals. Diamond-shaped patterns especially designed to drive invalids to high fever by luring them into diabolical attempts at enumeration. And for "drawing-rooms," an arrangement of stripes in pale pink and green was considered very "becoming"—the design being generally copied from a French original, intended for widely different purposes. By these hard ways have we progressed to a really satisfactory result: with great assistance from Mr. Wm. Morris, Mr. Walter Crane, and South Kensington. We have learned how to keep our

ornament reasonably flat; and have borrowed some ideas of harmonious colour from the Japanese. So that most British wall papers can be said, in the present day, to be of good quality as decoration in the abstract. The only question that now remains is—what purpose do they fulfil?

The commonly accepted superstition is that they decorate the walls of a room—being generally plastered thereon without consideration of any other end than that of covering every square inch of bare space. It will scarcely, I think, be claimed that the result of this first operation is in itself highly decorative. So the judicious householder proceeds to destroy the effect of his elaborate arrangement of pattern and colour, by hiding it at every possible point with a medley of paintings, etchings, and *bric-à-brac*. The paper, if a good one, naturally retaliates on the value of the ornaments—and the result is chaos.

This seems to be slowly dawning on our generation. In the last few years a bold attempt has been made to preserve the value of a picture by studying in some degree the frame wherein it is to be enclosed. And in this direction something has certainly been gained—for the picture. But the very gain is at the expense of the wall-paper—for in how many cases can a frame, however excellent for a given subject, harmonize it with a self-sufficient scheme of colouring already chosen for other reasons? And, if in one deliberate or accidental case, the result is inoffensive—what is to be done for the eight or ten other works of art whose relation should be considered, not only to the paper, but to each other? The improvement in frames is a real gain to the decoration of house interiors—but it is also an admission of the existence of an evil.

Another compromise, more to the purpose, it must be confessed, is the development of borders and dados: again, an endeavour to beat the persistent wall-paper into its proper subordination. And exactly so far as the dado or border succeeds in subduing the pattern of the paper into due insignificance, so much the better is the result. It is only when we abolish the latter altogether that we can appreciate the use and value of the former.

So much for the disease; it now remains to consider a remedy. If—as one would hope—the practice is to continue, of exhibiting on the walls of a living-room some few paintings, etchings, Japanese colour-prints, or what

not—as choice as may be—they must always be the first point of consideration. In some cases, I admit, a pleasing effect may be obtained from a paper giving a delicate diaper of broken colour without obtrusive pattern of any kind whatsoever; but in most instances better results will accrue by the use of a flat tint of pale green, red, or something of that sort—forming, so to speak, a reliable common factor to all the possible spots of brightness which our dull climate demands. On this background everything will look well; and, given reasonably good taste in selection, everything will harmonize. Well below the sight line you may place your border; a delicate and restrained development of your first tint—and even, if you wish, diaper with some good decoration the whole of the remaining space downwards to the floor—or rather as a matter of design upwards therefrom. But do not use paper decoration. If economy does not tie your hands, get someone—train someone—to paint it for you. If lack of money should unhappily limit the realization of your desires, the stencil with its charming effects of broken and varying colour always remains; and no one who has not tried it can possibly appreciate the endless and beautiful results obtainable with this tool—as simple in making and handling as you like to have it.

The stencil, again, may be used to lay a border under the ceiling—here with more scope both of colour and design: for a good frieze will form an excellent crown to the whole scheme.

Last, but not least, the abolition of pattern papers will bring more than æsthetic compensations to craftsmen. Instead of a few designers employed often under the hard stress of commercial competition, we shall have a large school of skilled decorators, stencillers as well as painters; and out of this it is inevitable that the men of genius should find their way to the front—reviving perhaps even the lost arts of fresco, and the delights of the mural paintings of Greece and Rome.

EDWARD F. STRANGE.

THE NATIVITY

P. V. WOODROFFE



THE NATIVITY

P. V. WOODROFFE



A BALLAD.



MAIDENS mine, now haste ye, haste ye hither,
And release my flowing hair for me:
Let it fall as nature's simple mantle,
Down from head to knee.
Help me loose my broidered gown,
I asleep would be.

For the sooner slumber seals my eyelids,
Lonesome night shall swifter turn to day,
Dreaded darkness trembling into brightness,
Drives all care away:
And to-morrow's morn will be the gayest,
Gayest of the gay.

In the glass but dimly are reflected,
While the candles flicker faint and low,
Lips that he has kissed, and kissed how often,
I alone can know;
And his jewels sparkling mid the shadows,
Shining come and go.

Maidens mine, now haste ye, haste ye hither,
I am longing for the dawn to break,
When before God's altar we are kneeling,
Solemn vows to make.
I shall love and honour as no other,
Striving for his sake.

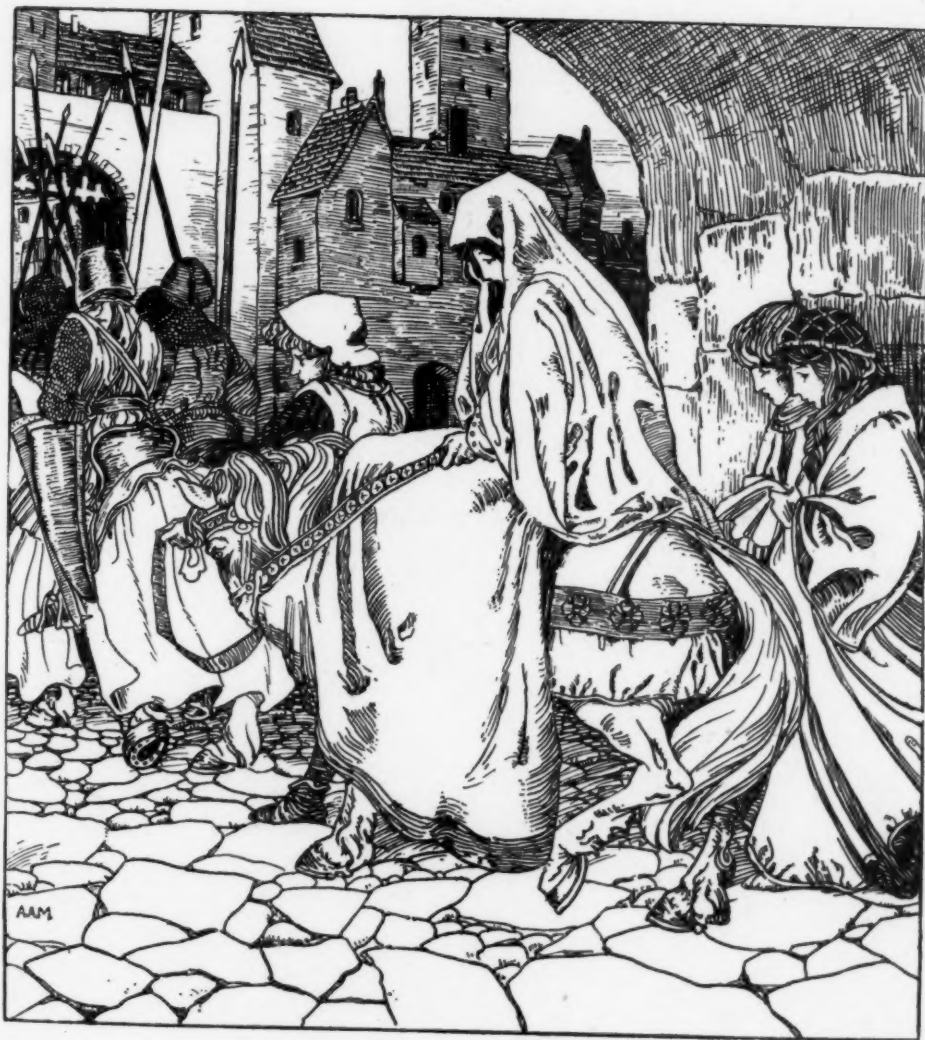
Maidens mine, my eyes grow dull and heavy,
 'Tis the last time I alone shall rest,
I may kiss his brow when sad or weary
 Pillowed on my breast.
Though my past has been through paths of sorrow,
 All works for the best.

Now, good-night, and I shall sleep, and sleeping
 Dream of him and happy hours gone by,
Dream to my new home we cross the water,
 Where new pleasures lie,
Listening to the murm'ring of the river
 Rippling cheerily.

* * * * *

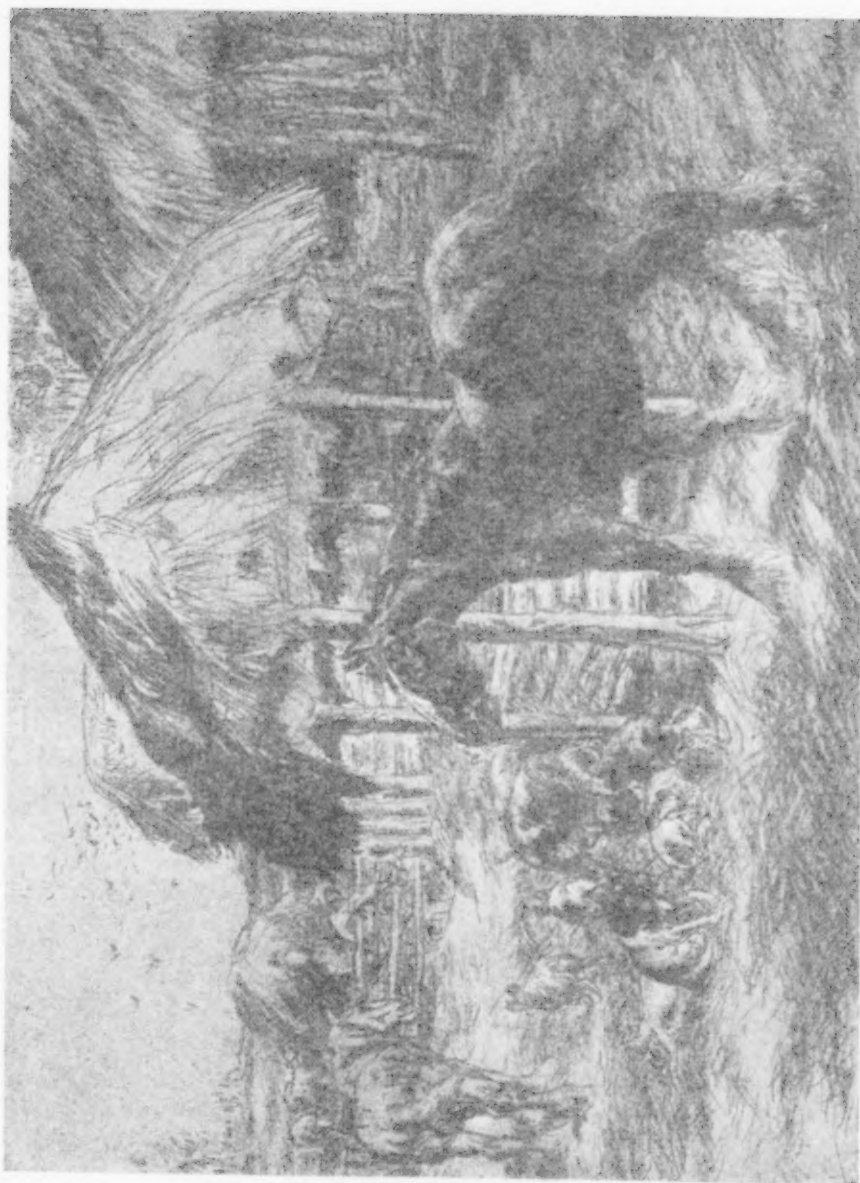
Morning breaks, but at the church she waiteth,
 Wind and rain are roaring in the West,
Night at length comes on : a lonely chamber
 Offers her no rest.
Ocean waves are kissing his fair forehead,
 Pillowed on their breast.

J. B. H.



A FARMYARD

MISS M. FISHER



A FARMYARD

MISS M. FISHER



HER WEDDING-DAY.



It had been a wet day, but at five o'clock Fergus Street was lighted up from end to end with the clear shining after rain. The brilliant but transitory sunlight made the wet pavements gleam like gold, and struck out a thousand crystal rays from the lamps that lined the road.

As she came down the street facing the radiant west, Miss Cartwright thought suddenly of the Celestial City, the streets whereof were pure gold, as it were transparent glass.

"There shall be no more tears," she murmured, "neither sorrow nor crying."

Miss Cartwright wore a long waterproof, and a neat black bonnet that fitted closely round her face. It was a singularly placid face, lighted by calm grey eyes. She carried a covered basket in one hand, and with the other she raised her skirt carefully out of the mud.

Fergus Street was a quiet, fairly broad one, with neat houses, white-painted and green-shuttered, on either hand; a rather large, clean-looking baker's shop stood at the corner, opposite No. 26, where Miss Cartwright stopped and knocked, but otherwise the road consisted of small private houses.

The knock was answered by a middle-aged woman, in a widow's cap.

She held the door partly open, after the fashion of her class, and stood looking out suspiciously from behind its shelter, with an expression she reserved for the tax-collector. Then, recognising her visitor, she pulled it wide open with a smile, and Miss Cartwright entered.

"I heard last night at chapel that Essie was still sadly, Mrs. Lang, so I thought I'd just step round with some jelly I've been making. She might fancy it perhaps."

"Thank you kindly, I'm sure. Yes, I don't know what to make of

Essie," said Mrs. Lang, standing in front of Miss Cartwright in the passage, "one day better, and one worse, that's 'ow it seems. The doctor don't say much either."

"How did she take this cold?"

"Oh, going out all weathers round to Madame Doris's, I s'pose. Her jacket never got properly dried, you know, 'anging be'ind the door like that. Set with wet feet all day too. Times out of number I begged 'er to buy thick boots, instead of them little thin shoes she wears. But you know what girls are—all for appearance! Come in and see 'er, won't you?"

She opened a door on the right as she spoke.

"Essie!" she called. "Here's Miss Cartwright brought you some jelly."

The little parlour into which Miss Cartwright stepped, was flooded with the light of the sunset.

Essie sat in an armchair facing the window. She looked up smiling to greet her visitor, and put out a white hand.

The last rays of the sun fell full on her blue eyes.

Miss Cartwright looked at her steadily a moment before she sat down.

"What have you got there?" she asked, taking the opposite chair, and pointing to a heap of net and flowers on the girl's lap.

She held up a hat shape, smiling again.

"Trimming myself a hat against next Sunday," she said brightly. "Do you think it will be pretty? See! I'm going to put bows of this tulle, up, like *that*,"—she gathered up the flimsy folds with dainty touches—"and the violets will come—*so*! do you see? I hope it will suit me."

"I should 'ave thought you 'ad enough of hat-trimming every day in the week," Miss Cartwright remarked. "Aren't you tired of it?"

The girl laughed, and then flushed a little.

"Ah! but it's for Jack, don't you understand? That makes all the difference, don't it, Essie?" put in her mother, with a smiling nod.

"You think you are going to wear it next Sunday," said Miss Cartwright, in her even voice. It was hardly a question; the words were uttered almost as a gentle statement of fact.

Essie looked up sharply.

"Yes," she cried, "of course! I haven't been out for two Sundays now. I *must* go out next Sunday. I'm much better," she added, decisively. The words were immediately followed by a fit of coughing.

"'Ave you made her any linseed tea?" Miss Cartwright inquired, glancing from the girl to her mother. "You should try it, it's the best thing in the world. Let her have some by her, and keep sipping it."

"Yes, we *might* try that," Mrs. Lang replied, hopefully, "I've got some linseed in the 'ouse, I think I'll go an' put it on while I think of it, if you'll excuse me." She bustled out of the room, arranging the screen carefully at the door as she went.

There was a moment's silence. Essie sat with her head thrown back against the cushion in the chair, her fit of coughing had exhausted her. The fire clicked softly in the grate; it had sunk low under the brilliant sunshine that poured upon it, and there was a fringe of white ashes against the bars. The light streamed through the glistening waxen bells of the hyacinths in the window, and on the net and purple violets on her lap.

"I saw John Deighton in chapel yesterday," Miss Cartwright remarked presently, when the girl's breathing was quieter.

She glanced up quickly.

"Did you?" she said, in an eager tone, as though the fact interested her greatly. "He came in here afterwards. Poor Jack!" she added pitifully, "He hates going to chapel alone!"

"Oh!—he——" began Miss Cartwright, and paused. "Let me see, how long have you been engaged?" she asked.

"Three months," the girl returned, with another smiling glance. "We're going to be married at Whitsuntide, you know!" she added, lowering her eyes, but still smiling.

"You must make 'aste and get strong, then."

"Oh!" she looked up sharply, "why, I shall be well *long* before then! I'm *much* better, only my cough is troublesome. I wish it would go. Jack comes here, of course, but it isn't like going out with him, you know. He sent me his photograph this morning," she went on, "a new one! Here it is."

She took it from an envelope lying on the table beside her, and held it out to Miss Cartwright.

"Do you think it's like him?" she asked anxiously. "I don't think it's good enough, do you? Jack's hair looks nicer when it's rough. I don't like his curls smoothed down so. It doesn't make his eyes look big enough either, does it? He's got such big eyes. And, of course, a photograph never shows the colour. Jack's eyes are a lovely colour."

Miss Cartwright returned the portrait.

"Oh! I think it's very good on the whole," she said. "Does he come every evening?"

The girl nodded. The pretty flush spread again over her face, as she laughed shyly.

"Mother says we are idiotic!" she confessed. There was another short silence. Miss Cartwright stole a long look at her, as she bent again with a dissatisfied expression over the photograph.

"It doesn't seem to make him look a bit tall!" she exclaimed, putting it down at last with a sigh, "and he's so nice and tall. Taller than Charlie Epps, half a head. *I'm* quite little beside him, and *I'm* tall!"

The door opened at the moment to admit Mrs. Lang.

"What's the time, mother?" she asked, with an attempt at indifference, as her mother sank into a low chair with a wearied sigh.

"Lor' bless the girl!—only half-past five. He won't be 'ere for another hour and a 'arf—so it's no use your fretting yourself!"

The shamefaced colour crept into the girl's cheeks.

"I wasn't——" she began.

"Now don't talk, Essie!" interrupted her mother sharply, for the words were cut short by another fit of coughing.

"That's the way she *will* do! Talk, and then her cough comes on," Mrs. Lang complained, turning to her visitor, who had risen to go.

"Can't you stay a bit? Well, good-bye then, and I'm much obliged."

"I hope she'll be better. I'll look in again before the end of the week," said Miss Cartwright, in her placid voice.

"'Ow do you think she looks?" Mrs. Lang inquired, in a low tone, following her to the door.

There was a note of thinly disguised anxiety in her voice.

"Oh! coughs pull one down, of course," returned Miss Cartwright inscrutably. "Give her plenty of linseed tea, it's the finest thing in the world. It's saved many a life, to my knowledge."

She stepped out into the street, robbed of all its sunset gold by this time. The lamplighter was hurrying along the pavement, and as he passed under each lamp a point of flame sprang, rose-coloured, out of the grey gloom.

There were hurrying footsteps also, along the other side of the road. Miss Cartwright, glancing across at the opposite pavement, recognised Jack Deighton.

"Left work early, then," was her reflection; "why doesn't he walk on the right side of the street? I wonder."

She paused a moment after he had passed, and turned her head.

The young man had stopped at the baker's, opposite No. 26, and was knocking at the private door.

Miss Cartwright walked on.

"I thought as much," she said, half aloud. "Well," she mused, moving on briskly, "Lizzie Randall's a pretty girl—and—he's a man. She'll make him a strong, healthy wife, at any rate, and that's more than poor Esther Lang ever would, even if her days here below weren't numbered."

CHAPTER II.

It was Sunday afternoon, a week or two after Miss Cartwright's visit.

Essie lay on a couch drawn up near the window. The discarded arm-chair was wheeled away in a corner, on one side of the fireplace. A little heap of net, white wire, and violets, was pushed back on the top of a deep cupboard on the opposite side, and covered with a newspaper. Essie's hat was not yet trimmed.

Mrs. Lang sat bolt upright in a high-backed chair opposite her daughter. She held an open Bible in her hand, and a devotional

manual was on the table beside her. Every now and then she glanced in the direction of the couch, and sighed below her breath.

There had been silence for fully half an hour, when Mrs. Lang rose suddenly, and began dragging a screen towards the sofa, with an air of determination.

The girl turned her head; she had been gazing fixedly out of the window.

"What are you going to do?" she asked sharply.

"Put this screen round you, you're in a draught," returned her mother doggedly.

"I won't have it put!" cried Essie excitedly, raising herself on one elbow.

Even while she was speaking, she glanced hurriedly over her shoulder at the opposite house.

Mrs. Lang pushed back the screen with an exclamation of impatience, and sat down again with a resigned gesture, while Essie resumed her watching.

She had become a shadow of herself since the day of Miss Cartwright's first visit. Her face was white as the pillows against which she leant, in a half-sitting, half-reclining posture. It looked haggard and worn, as with many tears. Her blue eyes gleamed large, and unnaturally brilliant, above her hollow cheeks.

Another quarter of an hour's silence was broken by the sound of footsteps echoing in the quiet of the deserted Sunday street.

The girl raised herself hastily, and leant forward with a hungry eagerness, painful to see.

"Yes! it's Jack," she whispered hoarsely. "He's on *this* side of the street," she cried, tremulously exultant. "Perhaps—No! he's crossed over,"—her excited voice sank, the feverish light died out of her eyes, and she sank back hopelessly on her pillows.

There was a wire blind against the lowest pane of glass in the parlour window, which made the room invisible from the street, though the girl could watch every movement of the young man opposite.

He rang the bell, and waited, casting a furtive glance across the road as he did so. The door was not opened immediately, and he frowned, and

shifted restlessly from one foot to the other, still looking hastily at intervals at the window of Mrs. Lang's house.

The sound of bolts being withdrawn, made him suddenly face the door, which opened wide to admit him. It was closed the moment after, and presented its blank, light-grained face to the despairing eyes of the girl opposite.

"She's got on her new pink dress," she said aloud, in the same hoarse whisper, "the one she's been sitting making all the week. What a colour she's got! Jack said once he didn't like so much colour."

She threw herself back on the couch, and broke into a fit of hopeless crying, which ended in the terrible cough her mother dreaded. Mrs. Lang knelt beside her, vainly trying to soothe her.

"There, there: Essie, don't, *don't* take on so, my dear!" she implored; "'e isn't worth it! you make haste and get well, and take up with some other young fellow! Show him what spirit you've got. *I* would! Catch me lying and crying over a man that can be caught by a red-faced, common little noodle like Lizzie Randall! Not but what he's treating you disgraceful!" she broke off inconsequently, indignation getting the better of her attempts at consolation. Then as the girl turned from her and buried her face in the pillows,

"I've no patience with you, Essie!" she cried angrily. "You'll kill yourself! Mark my word, you'll *kill* yourself, if you go on this way! Do—*do* try to forget him," she urged tearfully a moment later. "There's a dear girl! Don't see him to-night when he comes. Like his impertinence!" she murmured below her breath. "Let me send him away to-night, Essie," she urged. "Do now, there's a dear!"

"Yes, yes, of course! I won't see him, I won't see him!" the girl replied vehemently. "I've made up my mind, now. When he comes, mother, tell him I—tell him—" her voice sank.

"But so you've said before!" Mrs. Lang returned doubtfully, "keep to it to-night, Essie. It's the only way."

The girl made no answer. She shut her eyes, and her mother rose with a sigh.

"I'm just going to make you a nice 'ot cup o' tea," she remarked, with an attempt at cheerfulness, bustling out of the room as she spoke.

When the door closed, Essie opened her eyes. She gazed all round the tidy parlour, at the lithographs on the wall, the gilt clock that ticked on the mantelpiece, the antimacassars on the chairs, at the tulle under the newspaper on the top of the cupboard. The inanimate things about the room seemed to mock with their passivity, the frenzy of her grief. She sprang from her couch, and made a few tottering steps forward in the direction of the window, unconsciously stretching out her arms towards the opposite house.

"Oh, Jack! oh, Jack, *Jack!*" she moaned, before she sank again half fainting on to the sofa. . . .

Miss Randall's "drawing-room" was upstairs. It looked towards the back of the house, upon a little slip of garden whose borders were gay with yellow crocuses.

Mr. Randall was a widower, and Lizzie kept house for her father, made her own frocks, and if she had ten minutes to spare after cutting out, altering, arranging, and ceaselessly re-arranging her garments, strummed upon the piano. For Mr. Randall was fairly well to do, with only one child to provide for, and Lizzie had been finished at an Establishment for Young Ladies.

Mr. Randall was asleep in the dining-room at the back of the shop, with a large coloured handkerchief over his head, and the lovers had the upstairs parlour to themselves.

After a preliminary struggle Lizzie had allowed herself to be dragged upon Jack's knee, where she sat very contentedly, though Jack was a trifle pre-occupied.

"How do you like my new dress?" she inquired presently, smoothing down the lace at the wrists. "I never did see such a fellow as you are! Never notice anything!"

"Very much," he returned, "suits you to a T."

"Well—if that's all you've got to say, s'pose we go for a walk," she exclaimed after a moment, edging away from him impatiently. "Better than moping here all the afternoon, p'raps."

"All right," said Jack, and hesitated.

"I say, Lizzie—do you mind if we—do you mind going out at the back door, if we do?"

"Why?" she asked sharply, wheeling round and facing him. His colour had risen, and he looked slightly uncomfortable.

"Oh well, because—I'm never quite sure whether Essie Lang—you know—If she's looking out of her window——"

"And s'pose she is! do you think I am going to sneak out at the back door because of *her*! Not if I know it, Mr. Deighton! She didn't go out of her back door because of *me*, when she used to take walks with you of a Sunday, not much!—Used to flounce out like a peacock in her fine hats, smiling an' talkin'. And me sitting watching her behind the blinds, and *hating* her! It's my turn now!"

She stood in the middle of the room, flushed and panting. Her big dark eyes were sparkling with two angry tears, her black hair, a little disordered, fell against her cheeks, which were like the petals of a damask rose.

Jack sprang towards her, and covered her face with kisses. As he himself said, he had a great eye for a pretty girl—always had;—he confessed it very often to people in a soft, coaxing voice, that lent added charm to his penitent air.

Lizzie relented, and they went out at the front door together half an hour afterwards.

They both looked towards the window of number 26, Jack in a shame-faced fashion, Lizzie with a cool prolonged stare, but the wire blind guarded the little room well, where Essie lay strangling her sobs against her pillow.

CHAPTER III.

ABOUT eight o'clock the same evening, there was a gentle knock at the front door.

Essie started up in a sitting posture. For the last hour she had been lying with her eyes fixed on the window, even though the blind was drawn,—every nerve strained in an agony of listening. The colour rushed to her face, which as suddenly paled. Unconsciously she put both her hands to her breast in a vain effort to still the violent beating of her heart.

Her mother was in the kitchen; she could hear her moving saucepans on the stove. The sound ceased, as the knock reached her ears also, and Essie heard her move hurriedly across the room towards the passage. She opened her lips to call to her, then put both hands before her mouth to force back the cry. She sat thus, motionless, her cheeks whitening with the effort, till she heard the sound of the key being turned in the lock. Then, dashing away her hands, she rose suddenly to her feet.

"Mother!" she called shrilly, in an agony of fear lest she was too late.

The lock fell back into its place. She heard her mother's slow unwilling footsteps in the passage.

"Well—now Essie——" she began warningly, putting her head in at the door.

"Let him in, mother!" she whispered, then as Mrs. Lang hesitated, protesting, "do you hear?" she cried vehemently, "Let him in! I know, I *know*! Never mind what I said, I didn't mean it. It doesn't matter! Let him *in*!"

She stood leaning against the head of the couch, trembling with excitement.

With a suppressed sound of exasperation, as a second low knock was audible, Mrs. Lang turned impatiently from the room. She flung the door open, and without a word walked into the kitchen, leaving Deighton to find his way into the parlour.

Essie was seated upon the couch when he entered. She was still shaking, but colour had returned to her cheeks, and her eyes shone. Her face was turned eagerly towards the door as her lover came in.

With a little cry she moved unsteadily towards him. He put his arms round her, kissed her, and led her gently back to the sofa. She drew him down beside her.

"Jack, how late you are," she murmured.

"Yes, dear, I couldn't help it, I——"

"I know, you've been in to see Lizzie Randall," she interrupted, hastily, to ward off the lie she knew to be impending.

The man looked disconcerted, yet somewhat relieved.

"Yes, I called in there," he admitted, "to have a little chat with Mr. Randall, but he was asleep."

"So you and Lizzie stayed in the drawing-room?" She sat leaning against him, playing nervously with the buttons of his overcoat. Her face was turned from him.

"Yes, a little while. I *had* to go up; it would have looked rude else," he explained, protestingly.

"Any news?" she asked, after a moment, with a pitiful attempt at indifference. "What did you talk about?"

"Oh!—I don't know—nothing. How are you, dearest?—better?" he asked tenderly, bending over her.

"No—yes—quite well, I mean," she said, vaguely. "What dress had Lizzie got on, Jack," she went on, after a moment, "her blue one, hadn't she?"

"No—pink," he returned readily, and paused—"was it pink?—I'm sure I don't know," he added.

"Yes, it was pink," she said, in a spiritless voice. "She sang, I suppose?"

"Yes—we had a song or two, I believe," he answered, with a show of carelessness. "I say, Essie, when are you going to get fatter?"

"'Love's Old Sweet Song,' did you sing that?" Her face was still hidden, but her voice shook a little.

"Yes—did we? Yes, I think she did."

"You sang with her, I suppose?"

"Oh yes! I came in with a second now and again."

"Standing up beside her, by the piano?"

"Yes—I couldn't remember the words."

There was a moment's silence. Deighton moved a little restlessly. He began to say something, but the words died on his lips.

"I sang that the Sunday before I was taken ill. Do you remember? And you stood up by the piano, and joined in," she said at last, steadying her voice as she finished the sentence.

"Lizzie has a fine strong voice, hasn't she?" she added.

"Yes, but not half so sweet as yours, dear."

She lifted her head from his breast swiftly.

"*Really?*—don't you think so, *really?*" she asked, tremulously, her eyes alight with joy.

"Not half so sweet," he repeated, and paused again.

His customary fluency had deserted him. He longed ardently to change the subject, to do *something* to avert the thrust of her questions, yet his tongue was tied. A benumbing sense of powerlessness had seized him, caused partly by the shock the girl's appearance had caused him when he entered the room. He had not seen her for nearly a week, and the havoc which had been wrought in that time was startling.

Before he could frame another sentence she began again.

"Where did you go for a walk, Jack?"

He started. "She *had* seen them then—why wouldn't Lizzie listen to him? But perhaps the question was merely a try on," so he put it to himself. In the meantime, what should he say?

"A walk?—we——" he began, tentatively.

"I saw you start," she interposed, unconsciously flinging out her hand, as if to arrest and force back the second lie. "I was looking at Lizzie's hat—it's a pretty hat. *I* gave her the shape."

"Oh yes! We just walked up the road a bit. Lizzie had a headache, and wanted a breath of fresh air, that's why we went. How did you get on with the book I left for you on Monday?"

She moved a little away from him, and he made her lie down on the couch. Drawing up a chair close beside her he sat down, and took her hand gently in his.

"Make haste and get well, little girl," he urged, in his soft voice, "I miss you so at chapel, and all day Sunday," he went on, and suddenly stopped. Was she going to ask why he hadn't spent the day with her? He moved restlessly, and frowned. "Summer's coming, Essie! you'll get all right then," he hastened to say, smiling tenderly down at her. The girl's eyelids quivered a little.

"Yes. I suppose so. You do miss me, Jack?" she asked, wistfully, scanning his face with brimming eyes.

"Oh, so much, *so* much, dear!" There was such real fervour in his tone that she smiled in ecstasy. With a swift movement she raised the hand that clasped her's to her lips.

"Were the primroses out in Maddon Wood?" she asked, all at once.

Deighton was taken by surprise.

"Yes, a few," he answered, unguardedly; "I mean——" he began to stammer, his colour rising.

"I thought you only went up the road? Do you remember," she went on feverishly, "this time last year, Jack? It was the first time I went out with you. We went to Maddon Wood. The leaves were just turning green, and the sunshine came in between the branches. I remember what a pretty pattern the leaf shadows made on that path that winds up to Roefield. There were lots of primroses, and whole sheets of anemones, and we found some white violets, and you picked me some, and I put them in my dress, and you said——"

Her voice broke. She turned her face towards the pillow, and burst into tears. Her sobs shook her poor, frail little body from head to foot, and she began to cough.

Deighton stood over her in an agony of distress.

"Essie, Essie," he urged. "Darling Essie!——"

Mrs. Lang came running in, and pushed him roughly aside.

"Go away!" she cried, "do you hear? Go! You're killing her. Get out of my sight!"

He moved towards the door without a word, feeling dazed and stunned. At the threshold he looked back, and caught a glimpse of the girl's tear-drenched face, and her mother bending over her, murmuring ineffectual soothing words.

Deighton walked down the street with bent head, cursing fate. A whirl of chaotic, dimly-defined feeling surged within him, and expressed itself in incoherent thought.

"How was it Essie didn't know she was dying? Why were Lizzie Randall's eyes so dark and bright? When a girl had such soft, red lips, you couldn't expect a man not to——Hang it all! What a plague women were! What an unlucky devil he always was! If he hadn't gone it hot and strong with Lizzie Randall just then, she'd have married that Brownfield fellow out of spite. She *might* have waited till poor little Essie——But no, that was just like Lizzie. Too jealous to stand his being kind to Essie for a few months, even. It *couldn't* be longer, anyone could see that. And what a confounded nuisance that they happened to live opposite

to one another. If they hadn't—well—he could have gone on being kind to Essie, and she need never have known."

He was passing a Methodist chapel at the moment, and his eye fell on the notice-board outside. He glanced down it mechanically. An address was announced for the following Tuesday, May the 24th.

He started, and shrugged his shoulders uneasily, and broke into a quicker pace. They were to have been married on the 24th. Well, he always *was* an unlucky devil! Essie was dying, everyone knew that—and if he had waited to make love to Lizzie till, till—*afterwards*, he would have lost her too.

Poor little Essie! She was sweet, and *awfully* pretty, and he was very fond of her—his eyes filled with tears as he thought of his affection for her—but you couldn't expect a man—it was Lizzie's fault! She was a maddening flirt. It was heartless of her! His soul rose up in righteous indignation at the thought of her wiles. A woman had no *right* to torment a man so. No one could expect him not to—her eyes were so lovely, and her mouth—— "Poor Essie, I wonder how much longer——" He started. He had found himself wondering whether he would be able to marry Lizzie before Midsummer.

CHAPTER IV.

MISS CARTWRIGHT sat by Essie's bedside, in the front room, over the parlour.

The bed had been turned, so that it faced the window, and, propped with pillows, Essie lay all day, gazing at the Randall's house. She watched Lizzie dressing and moving about her room in the morning. The windows on both sides of the street were always open, for the weather had set in fine and very warm. Lizzie sang to herself as she did her hair carefully before the glass, and slipped her fresh print gown over her white shoulders. Her bedroom always seemed full of May sunshine, her's was the sunny side of the street in the morning. She crossed the room with a quick dancing step, as she moved to take a skirt from the wardrobe, or a ribbon from a drawer. Sometimes the postman's knock

sounded at the front door while she still sat in her nightdress on the side of her bed, yawning a little, only half-awake. Lizzie was not an early riser. At the sound of the well-known rap, Essie would raise herself with a painful start on her pillow, and watch with straining eyes.

Sometimes the Randalls' little maid appeared at the bedroom door a moment later with a letter in her hand.

Lizzie took it, usually with a conscious smile. She used to read it, still sitting on the edge of her bed, and put it to her lips with a laugh. Essie watched her with hungry eyes. She knew the drawer where all the other letters lay.

"She doesn't read them more than twice! *I* read them every minute I could spare," she moaned to herself, with streaming tears.

She had been lying silent for some time this afternoon, when Miss Cartwright put down the Bible she held, and rose to go.

"Thank you for reading," Essie said, listlessly, turning her eyes a moment upon her visitor. They sought the window again before she had finished the sentence.

"I hope you'll 'ave a better night," Miss Cartwright answered, gently, standing by the bed. "You must try and sleep, you know."

"Thank you—the nights are so long!" The sudden thought of the weary hours to be again endured before long, swept through her mind, and she moved in the bed with the restlessness of despair. Those nights! She lay always with wide-open eyes, watching the grotesque shadows cast by the night-light shade upon the ceiling, listening to her mother's regular breathing, her heart on fire—torn by jealousy and longing. Through the heavy, never-ending hours, she pictured him with Lizzie, listened to his tender words, heard his soft voice, writhed, as she watched him kiss her. In the silence of the night she vowed never again to see him, and in the morning knew her vow fruitless, impossible. He would come, and when she heard his voice she would cry to him in spite of herself. Yet God wouldn't let her die!

The tears slowly gathered in her eyes as the elder woman stood looking down upon her.

"My dear!" Miss Cartwright began, suddenly resuming her seat. "Do try to turn your mind from earthly things, and fix it on the world to

come. Give up thinking of that poor, sinful fellow yonder, and the girl he's going to marry! You are past all that; what is it to you? You have done with this world, and with marrying and giving in marriage. You will soon be in the Eternal City, incorruptible in the heavens. What do you want with an earthly bridegroom, when you will soon be the bride of Christ?—you — ”

The girl had turned her head towards Miss Cartwright when she began to speak, and fixed her bright eyes on her visitor's quiet face.

“What is all that to me?” she broke out all at once, with startling vehemence, breaking in upon the gentle voice. She raised herself with almost superhuman strength upon one elbow; the vivid colour flooded her white hollow cheeks for the moment with the glow of health, her brilliant eyes blazed, her whole body seemed suddenly instinct with life and vigour.

“You never loved a man in your life!” she went on in clear, ringing tones. “What do you know about it? *Nothing!* Why should I want heaven when I had Jack? What is heaven to me? The bride of Christ! I don't want to be *anyone's* bride but Jack's. This is our wedding-day—did you know? I want Jack, I want *Jack*. Oh! tell him to come to me, make him come to me. Jack, *Jack!*” Her voice broke miserably, and the colour faded from her face. The human bride, alive, glowing, warm, shrank into a poor, miserable, quivering little bundle of nerves, and flesh mercifully almost worn to death.

Mrs. Lang went down-stairs with Miss Cartwright half an hour later, when Essie had sunk into exhausted sleep.

“I hope Jack Deighton will burn in hell fire for this!” she whispered, with a concentrated bitterness in her voice that made her friend start. “But he *won't*—I believe them soft-tongued, wheedling folks get off easier than they deserve even in the next world!”

She wiped her eyes on her apron, and glanced half apologetically at Miss Cartwright, who was silent. “I know I oughtn't to say such a thing—God forgive me!” she exclaimed tearfully, “but it's awful to watch—*awful!*” she repeated. “I don't believe she's had her eyes off that house opposite for more than ten minutes this last month! Even at night she lies starin' as if she could pierce through the blind with her poor eyes!

She was wild for 'im always—and now it's a real madness. Doctor says yesterday, 'it's 'er mind' says he, 'that's wearing out 'er body. She's got somethin' on 'er mind, can't you quiet 'er?' he says. She might live months longer if you could!"

"God is merciful," returned Miss Cartwright;—her placid voice sounded unusually agitated. "She won't last long."

* * * *

She died that evening. Mrs. Lang let down the white roller-blind, and thankfully hid from her own eyes, for a time, the house which Essie would never lie watching any more.

An hour or two later she opened the front door to Deighton. He stood on the top step, pale and silent, his hands full of flowers, which he mutely offered her.

Mrs. Lang pushed them aside; her face was swollen with crying, and her voice sounded rough and hoarse.

"Take them away, go out of my sight!" she began wildly, but Miss Cartwright, who stood at the kitchen door, came forward.

"She would love to have them," she said, putting her hand on her friend's arm.

Mrs. Lang's hand dropped nerveless at her side. She put her apron over her head, and broke into loud sobbing.

"Let me see her," the man said in a pleading whisper. "Let me just see her once, Mrs. Lang."

She made a gesture of dissent, but Miss Cartwright bent again towards the sobbing woman. "Let him—it would make her happy," she said. She led her quickly into the parlour, and shut the door, then beckoning to the young man, went before him up-stairs.

She watched him with calm, critical eyes, as he stood by the bedside looking down at the quiet little face from which all the wild unrest had vanished.

Tears rolled down his cheeks, and he sobbed aloud as he laid the lilies beside her on the bed. He turned away presently, and hurried from the room. Miss Cartwright lifted a spray or two of the flowers, and put them gently in the girl's wasted hand, where it was folded over her heart.

"Poor little soul!" she murmured, "He wasn't worth it, they none of them are, but you shall have your flowers!" She stooped and kissed her on the forehead, before she drew the sheet again over her face.

* * * * *

Jack did not intend to go to the Randalls' that evening. He felt too broken-hearted, he told himself. But after an hour's solitary pacing of the bedroom in his lodging, he found the house unendurable. He took his hat, and wandered aimlessly about the roads for some time, and finally turned half mechanically into Fergus Street. He stopped with a start opposite No. 26. The white drawn blinds glimmered ghostly in the gloom, yet while he knocked softly at the Randalls' private door, he felt a vague sensation of relief. No one watched him now. Lizzie opened the door. She looked quiet and subdued.

"Isn't it awful!" she said when they reached the parlour. "So sudden at the last."

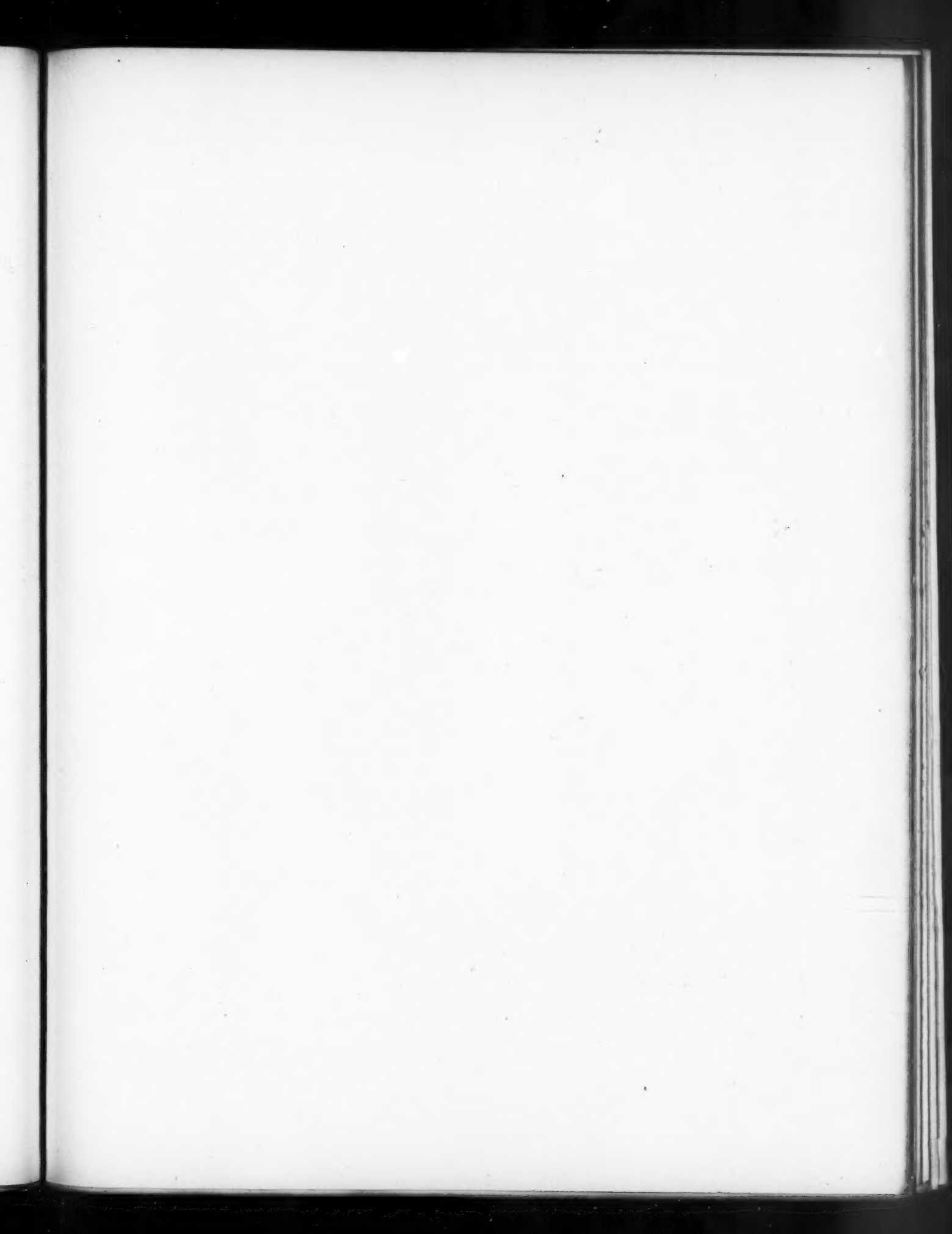
Jack sank into a chair, and was silent.

Not a word was said for some minutes, then the stillness was broken by a sob from Lizzie.

"You—you don't say anything to *me*. You loved that girl better than me, I believe!" she whispered. She was very near him, half-sitting, half-leaning against the couch. It was an attitude which showed the lithe grace of her figure to advantage. Her eyes were dark and dewy with unshed tears, and the corners of her red mouth drooped distressfully.

Jack seized her in his arms with an impetuous movement. "Oh, Lizzie, how pretty you are!" he whispered close to her ear—his weak, emotional face alight in a moment. "Not *love* you! I'm *mad* for you!—Lizzie," his voice sank lower—"tell me—how soon will you marry me?"

NETTA SYRETT.



STUDY OF A HEAD

JOHN DA COSTA



STUDY OF A HEAD

JOHN DA COSTA



THREE QUATRAINS.

A STREET THOUGHT.

OUR only stars are London's flickering lights,
Tarnished with prying into weary streets,
Yet whoso wills may sometimes hear o' nights
The song that God above the fog repeats.

AS LITTLE CHILDREN.

THE world is but a children's carnival
Whereat we dance and squabble, leap and fall,
While Death, the kind old nurse, soothes those who weep,
And on her knees the tired ones sink to sleep.

SOUVENIR D'AMBLETEUSE.

WHAT wayward tunes! what wayward tunes!
The sea wind whistled o'er the dunes,
And taught you certain things to say
That still caress my heart to-day.

PERCY HEMINGWAY.

"THE MOTHER"

(HANS ANDERSEN)

ARTHUR BRISCOE



"THE MOTHER"

(HANS ANDERSEN)

ARTHUR BRISCOE



THE ADMISSION OF ANTHONY ASTEROIDE.

"Vorbei sind die Kinderspiele.
Und alles rollt vorbei,
Das Geld, die Welt, und die Zeiten,
Und Glauben, und Lieb, und Treu."—Heine.

THESE lines of Heine prompt the admission I have to make ; bitterness was the key-note of a greater part of the writing of this incomparable poet. But I doubt whether he ever experienced the actual sorrow of a great failure—a great literary failure—the most bitter of all. To know oneself to be really great, possessed of undoubted capability, is no consolation. I never craved the gilded spurs or laurel-wreaths—mere momentary reward ; I only required, in some small way, to be understood by those whose intelligence seemed formerly on a par with the instincts of our latter Victorian era. The clever middle-aged critics never even had a chance of considering my talents—they are many in number—in their own conscientious manner ; they would have derided my work, classed me with others of my order. My half-made Oxford reputation, the small circle of prophetic friends, all encouraged me to embark on my literary mission in London, equipped for the struggle with all the learning obtainable from two years at Balliol. Then my names—only consider what advantage a literary man may derive from a well-assorted Christian and surname ; the decorative appearance must necessarily hasten the sale of the periodical on the cover of which it is writ. All these were mine ; then a trim-cut fringe, descending to pencilled eyebrows, overhanging a cavernous, clean-shaven expression, could not fail to captivate the subtle caricaturist, for it is by such as we they earn their honest livelihood ; to batten on the idiosyncracies of the decaying decadent, to prattle of him in *Punch*, such is the riotous existence of these knights of satire.

But no matter ; by such means one is advertised, and I prepared for these stepping-stones to fortune. An aged male relative once remarked, with a delightful candour peculiar to him, "All your morbid drivelling trash, Anthony, does no good to literature nor anyone. You think, because you happen to write a dyspeptic sonnet, that you are fulfilling a mission—wait till you try to publish one." My only answer to this tirade was a long-drawn sigh. Poor old Philistine, he might chuckle to himself in the seclusion of his semi-detached villa at Tooting at the time I am writing, if

he only knew his words were perhaps verging on the prophetic. As I sit here in my attic room and look at the small roll of manuscript on my table, I realise that I am not understood, and make this admission devoid of sorrow, only wondering if my morbid mysticism had taken flight in short stories and not in sonnets, whether success would have attended me. Living as we do, at a time when historical novels can be turned out weekly, where a literary man can be as methodical and business-like as a type-writer, needing no inspiration, it seems strange that any of those periodicals in which art and literature stalk hand in hand can find any possible place in the British homestead. But the cry is, still they come; their contents strive after mysticism, and one reads clever writers making up for insufficient English with inferior French. The introduction of young talent to a breathless audience, surely it is a market that can never be overstocked. Male and female talent side by side vieing with each other to reduce the narrow-mindedness of their reading public. Both in art and literature, several strange ventures found their way on to the bookstalls; at no period in history have the insignificance of minor poems seemed more apparent. I thought to myself, surely there must still be a void, and my ultra-morbid creations can eclipse all.

Endless suggestions were offered me on all sides. When I entered upon my sojourn in Bloomsbury, my literary and artistic acquaintance became comparatively extensive, some suggested I should make my appearance in a small volume of sonnets—but reticence in publication would certainly ensure a greater measure of success in the future. My mind became gloomier as I sojourned on, and I could scarcely bear the sight of fresh-cut flowers. Once a friend, thinking to be kind, presented me with some; I requested him to take them back and return them when quite faded; then, and only then, could I appreciate their full beauty. All this time I waited for the moment when the inspiration should reach me, and help to create in two stanzas, the saddest poem of the age. Sometimes I fancied I could only admire last century trifles, nearly purchasing a sedan chair on hire system. I would parade down Pall Mall with a mighty tasselled walking-stick and a snuff box, courteously offering the latter at intervals to complete strangers. I hardly felt justified in proceeding by omnibus, I joined a club in the parish of St. James's and would resort there for chocolate, and nod to

imaginary tradesmen as Beau Brummell was wont to do. A great many friends fully sympathised with these symptoms, and murmured to me in tones of admiration. "What a painter you might have been! what an ecstatic, decorative decadent you are!" My fringe, which by now quite obscured my eyes, made a fitting shelter to the cold winds, and accentuated my interesting deathlike expression. Like Beau Brummell I never paid my debts—there were none of honour; and those few short weeks seemed quite the most sorrowful and awe inspiring I've yet lived through. The puppets of humanity and Philistia almost amused me.

At the strange semi-respectable dinner-parties I sometimes attended, I took a certain interest in watching the joyous merriment of the foolish people masquerading as guests. More complete balderdash is talked at a bourgeois dinner in London than in any other place. I have watched with a languid interest the young man artist, or otherwise, who thinks he's in society. Poor Puppet. Poor misguided man.

"To sit at wine with the maidens nine
And the Gods of the elder days."

All these social events and the constant observation of our *fin de siècle* emptiness caused me at last to complete my masterpiece in two verses of four lines each. A sudden inspiration caused a creative renaissance, and I sent my manuscript—the result, as I informed him, of a life's sorrow—to the editor of "The Moan," a bi-monthly production, which was brought to my notice—it had boomed and produced several men, the tenour of whose work was mystic and morbid—the amazing result being that the manuscript in question is now on my table, the first and last poem I can ever present to the world. The Editor replied in a courteous strain, "Poor man, he meant no harm;" but the reply caused a sudden revulsion of feeling, that drove from my heart all remembrance of the Georgian period. Those words of Heine recall my lot, and now all is naught; I sit and wait in my solitary attic, Spring is at hand, but I know it not; the future, the past seem one; slowly I realise that we are nearing the end of the century, and that it is time for me to leave my native land: like the echo of Shelley and Byron, my forerunners, whispering, "This is no place for me."

PHILIP TREHERNE.

To Electra: 'Idare not ask a kiss'

A SONG
by
JOSEPH S.
WARD.



WORDS
by
ROBERT
HERRICK.



pp

I dare not ask a ki/s; I dare not beg a smile; Lest

cres:

hav-ing that or this, I might grow proud the while. No,

no, the ut-most share Of my de-sire shall be. On-ly to ki/s that air, That

late-ly ki/s-ed thee.

Ped *Ped* *Ped*

FEEDING TIME.

ALICE B. WOODWARD.



FEEDING TIME.

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CHILDREN OF FANCY.



E, that mates with Fancy, rears
Children for the unknown years
Born in joy or born in tears,

Children of demeanour gay,
Children of a sadder day,
What will follow: who can say?

Fancy sees her brood depart,
Wonders with an aching heart,
Wonders till the hot tears start.

Fate may guard them ill or well,
Fame no parent can compel,
Artist know or poet tell.

Yet, when here we leave with thee
These our children, may they be
By thee judged most tenderly.

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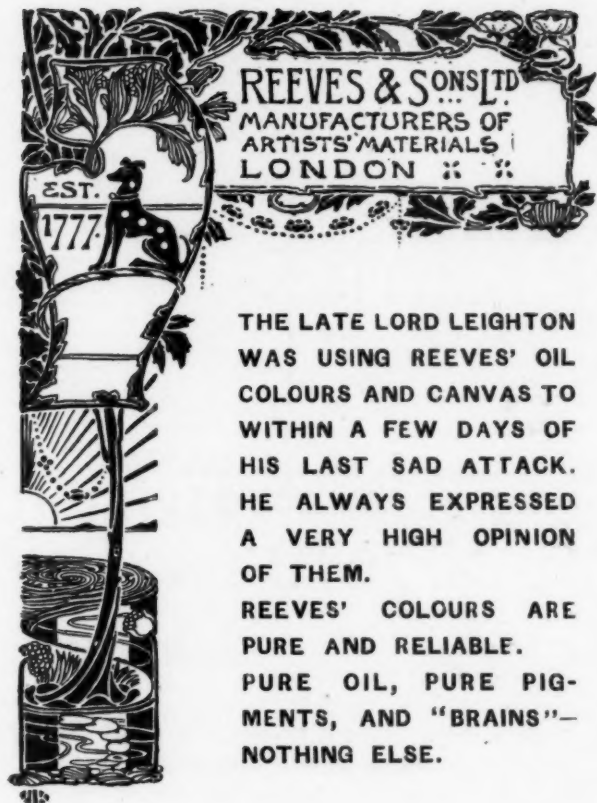
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